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# The Australian **WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

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# WINGS TO BEAT

By FRANK NUNN

A SERIES of crimes occur at an Australian Air Force Training Station. FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT OWENS is shot dead; SQUADRON-LEADER TERRY O'DANIEL is shot at and wounded; SQUADRON-LEADER DON ROOKE, C.O. of the Intermediate Training Station, is attacked twice; half the aircraft are rendered unserviceable.

DETECTIVE BLOOM is investigating and Don's suspicions point to PILOT-OFFICER "DUTCHY" VAN GROOT. He is distressed, as pretty NURSE DAWN SHANNON has confided to him that she and Dutchy are engaged, but his suspicions deepen when MORRIS ROGERS, young engineer engaged on construction work at the station, tells him that Dutchy was nearby with an unknown foreigner the night of the second attack on Don.

Suspecting that an ancient monastery which Dutchy frequently visits is also involved, Don goes there secretly at night, and overhears what he considers incriminating talk between Dutchy, the strange foreigner, and two monks. But before he can investigate further he is attacked and falls unconscious.

Now read on:

TERRY said, disgusted, "I guessed you wouldn't be satisfied until you made me move over. Well, you're here now. So what?"

Don closed his eyes, trying to get things straightened out. He was in the station hospital in a bed alongside Terry. It was day. His head hurt badly. There was a bandage round it.

Terry said, "I'm supposed to ring a bell when you return to consciousness. But I think I'll wait until the nurse with buck teeth comes on duty. I'm not sharing Dawn with you." He put his finger on the button, great relief in his eyes, despite his flippancy.

"Not yet," Don pleaded, "I've got to fix something up inside my head. How did I get here?"

"The same as any other casualty. You rode up in the ambulance."

"Where was I picked up?"

"The orderly officer tripped over you. He thought you were dead also, and in no time all the strens on the place were shrieking a requiem for you. You've got a nerve—coming back to life after the show the boys gave you."

Don shut his eyes, feeling suddenly giddy with astonishment and relief, and Terry gave the bell a determined push.

Dawn did not answer the summons, but a new nurse came. She had a look at Don and then went

for the doctor. He came, felt Don's pulse, and looked into his eyes. Then he had the nurse remove the bandage, and studied the back of Don's head where it hurt the most.

He summed up: "You'll be all right in a day or two. I'll have your head X-rayed, but I don't think we'll find a fracture."

The nurse finished bandaging Don's head and departed. Don said, "You'd better whisk me right into the X-ray room, doctor. If there's a fracture I'll stay. If not, I'm wanted on the tarmac."

Terry jeered. "Skip that line. The doc's had it every day from me and it doesn't mean a thing to him. You've got to queue up anyway. I came first, and I go first. Isn't that so, doctor?"

"You'll be discharged when you're fit. And that goes for both of you."

Terry looked defeated and desolate. He knew by experience that it was useless to argue. But Don was reviving rapidly. He put up a fight. "I've got a line of possible scrubs to take up to-day. I've got to put them out of their misery one way or another."

"Somebody else will have to do it, then."

"I'll make a bargain with you, doctor. If the X-ray is okay, I'll stay here all the morning resting. Then I get my release."

"There'll be no flying for you to-day."

"I'll give that in, too. And I'll report back here to-night and sleep here."

Terry laughed loudly at that.

"He wants it both ways—freedom and the attentions of a night nurse. Don't listen to him, doctor. Keep him here all day and kick him out to-night. I wouldn't fall for that line."

The doctor, however, was considering the proposal seriously. He decided: "We'll get the X-ray picture first. Then we'll see—" He added, "I'll get an orderly to help you along."

The X-ray took only a few minutes and Don returned to his bed. But not to sleep. There were questions he had to ask.

"Listen, Terry. What time was I brought to this dump?"

"About two. The orderly officer was making his second round."

"Where actually did he find me?"

"You were profaning the sacred precincts of the parade ground. In point of fact, you were some yards in from the flag-mast. Where were you jumped?"

Don screwed up his eyes. "I'll have to get my movements straightened out. I can't think back."

Terry said dryly, "You'll have to think back or you'll never get out of here. The C.O. will want a clear-headed statement, too."

Don was clear-headed enough. The story he intended to concoct, however, would have to take into consideration the possibility of the C.O. being informed of his visit to the monastery. Still, it looked as if the monks had had him dumped back on the station under the impression that he was dead and intended to keep silent. He supposed that Dutchy had brought him back. He intended to check up on that later.

Terry said, "Corney was over here looking for you last night. He thought you might be with me."

Corney was the flight-lieutenant Don had left in charge of the flying.

"Uh-huh. What did he want?"

"Nothing much. He was wondering whether he could use Van Groot for an operational job. Command had signalled him to do. Van Groot had just reported in."

Don asked sharply, "What time was this?"

"Just after ten."

"Are you certain Van Groot was mentioned?"

Terry sighed. "When you talk in that strange way I get concerned about you. I think you're worse than you and the doc think."

Don said hastily, "I'm just checking up. I told him to be back at ten, that's all."

"What does it matter to you now whether he came back at ten or midnight?"

It did matter, of course. If Dutchy had returned at ten he could not have dumped him on the parade ground. He was certain Terry had made a mistake in the name, but he had to let it go.

"What's it like outside?" asked Terry, looking meaningfully from Don's bandage to his muddy raincoat.

"No," he said meekly, "it doesn't matter much—now."

Terry lit a cigarette. He seemed to be considering. He said, at length, frowning, "I don't know that I ought to tell you, but somebody here went into a spin last night when you were carried in."

"Who was that?" Don asked eagerly.

"Come off it. You're not so innocent. You can't go belting hearts to leg without knowing what you're doing."

Don turned his head, looked into Terry's jealous eyes. For a moment he held them, then he looked away. He was thinking, so Dawn got up-set. She would, knowing what she knows. Poor kid. What torture. Why is this business dragging on? It ought to be rounded off. Bloom should come out in the open and act.

Terry muttered, "You've got all the luck in the world. Dawn is crazy about you."

Don wondered what Terry would say if he told him that she was secretly betrothed to another. He said, "You're crazy, too."

"Well, I'm not going to try to convince you. I'd be willing to be carried in every night with a busted head if I knew she'd act the same way over me. That girl's heart is shattered."

"Skip it," said Don tersely.

JUST then, Dawn came into the ward. Don's eyes fastened upon her. If her emotions had broken loose from her control earlier, she showed no signs of distress now. She came and stood between the two beds, looking down on both Don and Terry.

"It must be nice to be together again," she murmured. "You two have been so lonely apart."

Terry scowled, but Don grinned up at her. He said, "I've been waiting since two for you. Didn't anybody tell you?"

"She knew," said Terry. "She thought you were dead, too."

For the moment Dawn looked as if she might blush furiously, but recovered herself. Don helped her along. "Everybody has dead thoughts round here. The station seems to be a morgue for dead thoughts." And then, "Going somewhere?"

"I'm going to town," she said. Don noticed she had turned her back on Terry. "I've just come from the developing-room. I thought you might like to know that the X-ray shows nothing."

"That's a picture of his brain," said Terry, but he was ignored.

Don said, pleased, "Good show. Maybe you've got time to take off this bandage before you go—"

But she was retreating. "I'm off

duty," she said, almost with haste. "There's a tender waiting. Good-bye."

She was gone. Don said testily, "Why did you have to wake up last night's business? It was pretty foul taste. You made her feel a fool."

Terry laughed. "You sound like a scandalised old granne." And then he sobered. "Listen. I've got to get this off my chest. It'll be good for both of you, provide a short cut. I've lost whatever hopes I had. She's yours. Go get her. Last night when she thought I was asleep she was whispering to you, calling you Don, kissing—"

Don said, pale-lipped, "If you say another word I'll kill you."

Terry looked at him for a moment in silence. "Okay," he said quickly.

Don was still brooding when the orderly brought him a letter. The next minute he was reading rapidly.

Bloom wrote: "You're a fool anyway. Why didn't you keep away from the monastery? I should have told you more than you appear to know, but unfortunately I can't commit anything to paper. I'll have to save it up until I see you again, which might not be for a few days yet, as I've got to go south. Anyway go easy until I return. You're in hospital now. Stay there. But be alert. You're in danger still, and so is—SOMEbody ELSE. You know who I mean."

"You're well situated now to make yourself the bodyguard of that person. Instead of poking round and getting your fool head cracked you'd better make that your job and leave the rest to me. There'll be enough of us round to eat the job when the Commonwealth investigators arrive without you chipping in."

It was signed "H. Bloom."

Don was both surprised and dismayed that Bloom knew about his visit to the monastery. That suggested that the monks had not kept their mouths closed after all. Or did it mean that Bloom had been at the monastery himself and knew about the assault first-hand.

And then the warning, "You know who I mean."

Could Bloom mean Dawn? Don shut his eyes and tried to get the angle on that. Bloom had ordered him to stay in hospital. "You're well situated now to make yourself the bodyguard of that person." Was Bloom trying to tell him that Dawn was in danger? "You mustn't let her know too much," the priest had warned Dutchy. Had it been decided since that she knew too much already?

Don went cold at the thought. The more he considered it the more possible it seemed.

Terry spoke suddenly. "Bad news?" he asked quietly.

Don opened his eyes.

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WYNNE W. DAVIES



"They call me a Financial Wizard . . .

but, between you and me, I don't know a mother with two or three youngsters who isn't—What with food and clothes to buy for mine, and doctors' and dentists' bills, I feel sometimes I'm qualified to direct the financial affairs of a nation.

"It's gone on for years now, but most times I found a way to put at least a little by for a rainy day and how glad I am that I have those savings and that I am able to save. I've put some money into each of the War Loans so far and I'm ready now for the First Victory Loan. I'll buy a bond from my savings for cash, and then another out of instalments. To pay the instalments I'll save 5/- National Savings Stamps. It's

the least I can do to help the boys who are fighting for us."

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# THE IRRESISTIBLE OBJECT

By PHYLLIS DUGANNE

**A**FTER a year of spectacularly decreasing activity, the firm of Gertrude Hammond, Business Employment Agency, was defunct, and Miss Hammond herself was tearfully closing the premises.

The office looked as though a bomb had made a direct hit. A bomb, Trudy. You're sorry for yourself, here in London, with ten pounds left in your savings account and every probability of getting a job within the week, when other people

At the moment, she thought, I cannot be sorry for other people. At the moment, I'm sorry for me.

Her tear-blurred eyes riveted upon the black lettering on the glazed glass panel of the door.

DNOMMAH EDURTREG  
SSENISUB  
TNEMYOLPME  
YCNEGA

She seized a brass paper-knife, and then climbed up on an elegant square wooden waste-paper basket and began savagely scratching away at the last reminder of her ill-fated enterprise.

The door was pushed open with such ferocity that the waste-paper basket upon which she stood overturned. Trudy was flung, full length, into her files, and because it seemed that life was now adding injury to insult, she kept her eyes shut tight and sobbed.

"Good heavens!" a man's voice cried. "Are you hurt?"

"Just take me away with the rest of the rubbish," she squealed indignantly, and opened one eye and then the other.

The young man blinked and placed her gently in a chair. "I'm frightfully sorry," he said, and repeated, "Are you hurt?"

"To the quick," answered Trudy. "I'm hurt all over. Body, spirit, pride, and confidence." She smiled. "How are you?"

Obviously, her innocent question reminded him of something. The nice look of concern vanished from his face, and his mouth set in a grim line. "Are you Miss Hammond?" he demanded.

"Why?" asked Trudy, leaning back in the chair.

"Because I want to see Miss Hammond," he replied.

"Well, you've knocked her down and picked her up," she said bitterly. "Take a good look at her, if you like."

He sat down in the other chair. "I have had several business dealings with you, Miss Hammond," he told her. "My name is Allen. Oliver Allen. The Fairbanks Glass Company."

"Oh, yes," said Trudy. "Yes, of course. You're the man who can't keep a secretary."

Mr. Oliver Allen flushed. "Or perhaps you're the agent who cannot find one to suit me," he said.

Trudy did not flush. She smiled, an empty, merciless smile. "That's right, rub it in," she murmured. "Or hadn't you noticed? Look about you, Mr. Allen, at the ruins of my hopes. I couldn't find enough people to suit anybody."

Mr. Allen's complexion was fair, his skin thin. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't realise. I mean, I noticed some disorder—"

"But you thought it was nice?" "I thought you were spring cleaning," he snapped. "As a matter of fact, I didn't give it a thought. I'm a busy man, and I came here with troubles of my own."

"All right," said Trudy. "Don't cry about it. I presume you want another secretary?" He nodded, and she knelt down and began looking through the papers on the floor. "I

might as well have one last fling before the flies go to salvage," she added. "Here you are, Allen, Oliver. September the first, Olga James, excellent references—what was the matter with Miss James, Mr. Allen?"

"She did not suit me."

"Martha Wright, January the fourth," read Trudy. "Marginal note—prefers older woman." She lifted one eyebrow, but Mr. Allen made no comment. "March the first, Fay Miller." Her voice became severe. "What was the matter with Fay? She happens to be a friend of mine, and I know that she's an expert secretary."

"All right," said Mr. Allen crossly. "All right! They were all good enough as secretaries. That isn't the point."

Trudy looked up at him. "Well?" she asked. "Just what is the point, Mr. Allen?"

Mr. Allen's eyes avoided hers. "Look," he said unhappily. "I'm production manager for Fairbanks. It's a good job. It's a five thousand a year job. I'm an orphan. I'm not married or engaged. All these women—" He blushed. "If they're old," he explained, "they start mothering me. My shoes, my overcoat, even—"

"They fall in love with you!" Trudy said, scathingly.

"Laugh if you like," he told her.

"I am laughing," said Trudy. "Inwardly." Her blue eyes, still over-bright from crying, looked him over thoughtfully. "This is really a coincidence, Mr. Allen," she stated. "You're in luck to-day. A great opportunity is before you." He was glaring at her. "Me," she explained modestly. "I can give you excellent references, not my own, by the way. And I can guarantee, gilt edged, a hundred per cent. proof, that in no circumstances would I either mother or fall in love with you."

"You mean you're a secretary?"

"A first-class one," she answered.

Oliver Allen looked at her. For a moment they measured one another. Then Mr. Allen shrugged. "Very well," he agreed. "How soon can you come?"

Trudy looked at her watch. "My affairs here should be wound up in about an hour," she said.

"I'll expect you at two, then." At



the door he paused. "You'll wash your face first, I presume?" he added politely.

Trudy's gaze did not flicker. "Yes, Mr. Allen," she answered.

The London offices of the Fairbanks Glass Company were the most beautiful offices Trudy had ever seen.

At four o'clock, when Mr. Allen summoned her to take down some notes on a laboratory report, Trudy looked at him sympathetically. Fatigue lined his face, and he was lighting one cigarette from the end of another. A cup of good hot tea, or a drink...

The sharp toe of Trudy's right slipper kicked her left ankle viciously. Mind your own business, Miss Hammond, she told herself.

Six o'clock is the conventional hour for secretaries to stop work. But it was after that when Mr. Allen buzzed for her.

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LEONARD JAMES GREEN



## I'M IN THIS TOO!



**B.A.L.M. DULUX**

THE SYNTHETIC FINISH  
SUPERSEDES ENAMELS AND VARNISHES

## BUT I'LL BE ON THOSE JOBS WITH YOU LATER



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## THE BIG JOB

by W.A.A.F.

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Call or write to the  
R.A.A.F. Recruiting Centre  
or local R.A.A.F. Committee.



## Continuing . . . The Irresistible Object

from page 3

"DID I get that ticket for the train?" he demanded. "I don't know," answered Trudy. "Where and when?" He looked at his watch. "Good heavens, it's six-thirty. You run along."

"I'm in no particular hurry," said Trudy. "Shall I phone?" "All right," said Mr. Allen. "I'm supposed to be in Birmingham for a meeting to-night."

Swiftly Trudy looked at her employer. His shirt was definitely dirty. His suit needed pressing, and his shoes— She turned swiftly away and telephoned the station.

At her flat there was a message for her to phone Fay Miller.

"Trudy!" Fay's ready voice sounded redder than usual. "I phoned you at the office, but the phone is out of order."

"So's the office," said Trudy. "I've given it up, Fay."

"Oh, Trudy!" Fay gasped. "I've left my job, too!"

"I know," answered Trudy dryly. "I've got it."

"What?" cried Fay. "Listen, can I come and see you?"

Curled up on Trudy's couch, Fay wept. "Oh, Trudy, I love him so, and he just doesn't see me!" she admitted.

Trudy said, "Don't be a little fool, Fay. You can't love a man who isn't even interested in you."

"Can't you?" Fay lifted a flushed face. "You just wait and see."

"I'll see," thought Trudy defiantly. Mr. Oliver Allen is going to see! He has a secretary in his office now, not a silly girl with romantic ideas.

Mr. Allen managed to get back from Birmingham in time to keep a ten o'clock appointment. After he had gone to lunch, on a sudden impulse Trudy phoned the firm where Olga James was working.

Olga had no appointment for lunch, and they met at a nearby restaurant.

"How's your business?" asked Miss James.

Trudy said, "My business collapsed like a pricked balloon. I don't mind, though. I'm working at Fairbanks Glass, and it's an interesting job."

Miss James' eyes narrowed. "Yes, isn't he?" she agreed.

Trudy's voice was cool. "Mr. Allen, you mean?"

"What a waste!" Miss James murmured. "No family—a marvellous salary. No past—plenty of future. If he'd only let himself go—"

Trudy decided that she did not care for Olga James. The end of lunch marked the end of their intimacy.

Two days later a woman's voice on the telephone said, "Miss Hammond? You probably won't remember me, but you found me a job with Mr. Allen last winter. I'm Martha Wright."

"Oh, yes," said Trudy.

"I ran into Fay Miller yesterday, and she told me that you were Mr. Allen's secretary now."

"Yes?" murmured Trudy.

"My dear, I want to talk to you. About Mr. Allen."

Trudy smiled. "We might have lunch together," she said.

Mrs. Wright was a darling. Trudy reflected, a little later, but it was easy to see why Oliver Allen had not retained her services.

"The poor boy!" she was saying.

"He lives in a hotel, you know, and the hotel laundry does his mending. It's a pity he doesn't fall in love with some nice girl who can take care of him." Her gentle eyes considered Trudy.

"I don't believe he wants to fall in love," said Trudy.

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Wright. Trudy was silent.

Mrs. Wright kissed Trudy when they parted. "I feel so much better after our little talk," she declared. "You're like all the young women to-day. You pretend to be what they call 'hard-boiled,' but I can see that your heart's in the right place."

Trudy gulped. The function of your heart, Miss Hammond, she told herself as she walked back to the office, is to pump blood into your arteries. I can guarantee that under no circumstances will I either mother or fall in love with you, Mr. Allen. We have here a fine example of an immovable force meeting an irresistible object. No, that was wrong. It was an irresistible force. The object, Mr. Allen, is by no means as irresistible as you have been led to believe.

Later in July, when Mr. Allen was out of town, a woman's voice asked for him on the telephone.

"Mr. Allen is up North," said Trudy. "This is his secretary. Can I do anything for you?"

"No," said the voice definitely. "When will he be back?"

"To-morrow afternoon. Would you like to leave a message?"

"No. You can tell him that Claudia telephoned."

There was disapproval in her cool tone the next afternoon, when she said, "Someone named Claudia rang up, Mr. Allen."

"Claudia!" said Mr. Allen. "Good heavens! Where is she?"

"She didn't say," Trudy answered. The telephone on Trudy's desk buzzed.

"Mrs. Lang to see Mr. Allen," Trudy relayed the message, and felt no surprise when Mr. Allen cried, "Claudia!" and hurried out to meet her.

Trudy closed the door between her office and Mr. Allen's, to show him and herself that she had no curiosity. She began typing very fast and with exceptional inaccuracy. MY DEAR Mr? Searse, she wrote, as Oliver Allen pushed open the door.

## WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

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The liver should give out two pounds of liquid bile daily or your food doesn't digest. You suffer from wind. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel irritable, tired and weary and the world looks blue.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes these good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/2. \*\*\*

"What appointments have I for this afternoon?" he asked.

"Mr. Charters at four. You were to phone Mr. MacDermott after five." Trudy stood up, her eyes lifted to Mr. Allen's face, but that did not mean that she was unaware of the young woman seated on his desk.

Claudia Lang was extremely pretty, with a clear olive skin and elegantly dark eyes. Spanish blood, probably, decided Trudy.

"Phone Mr. Charters and make it to-morrow," said Mr. Allen. "I can phone MacDermott from outside."

They went out, and Trudy sniffed. Mrs. Lang's sandalwood perfume hung heavy in the room. She seemed an extremely odd sort of person for Mr. Allen to know.

The following morning, when Mr. Allen arrived at the office, Trudy admitted that Mrs. Lang's taste in men's clothes was excellent. From head to toe, he was arrayed in new garments, and there was nothing foppish about any of them.

Mr. Allen grinned. "How do I look?" he demanded.

"Very nice," she said.

Mr. Allen looked thoughtfully at his secretary. "Don't turn my head with compliments. Will you, Miss Hammond?"

"No, Mr. Allen," said Trudy. "Shall I get my notebook?"

"Oh, of course," said Mr. Allen.

MRS. LANG telephoned at ten. She telephoned again at two, and at four-thirty. Mr. Allen left the office promptly, and Trudy's eyes followed him.

I liked him better as he was, she thought, all untidy and absent-minded. You lie, she added. He looks marvellous, dressed up. You'd like to be going out with him, yourself.

Electric fans agitated the humid air in the Fairbanks offices. The morning had ushered in the summer's first heat wave. Trudy looked out of the open window, down to the street.

"You look hot, Miss Hammond," said Mr. Allen, coming from his room.

"I am," said Trudy.

Her employer glanced at his watch. "It's almost 12 o'clock," he told her. "What do you say to taking an hour off and going to some nice cool place for a drink and something cold to eat?"

"I make it a rule," she replied.

"never to have social relations with my employer."

Mr. Allen looked just as hot as she did. "Hardly social," he retorted. "Don't you think you're carrying this too far?"

"If I remember correctly," Trudy began, and he interrupted her rudely.

"You remember entirely too much," he said. "Get your hat."

It was astonishing how swiftly sitting opposite him in a restaurant changed their relationship. Over dressed crab they discovered a mutual enthusiasm for sailing. The first mutual friend—"a man I know, Dick Mortimer"—put them another step forward toward intimacy. Then Mr. Allen asked, "What did you think of Claudia?" Trudy felt a chill not instigated by the air-conditioning.

"She's very pretty, isn't she?" she murmured. Where are your wits, Miss Hammond? she asked herself. You should have known this from the beginning. When a man is interested in a woman, he always wants to tell some other woman about her. Somehow the subject of Claudia Lang did not prove of mutual interest.

"I suppose we'd better go back," said Mr. Allen.

Mr. Allen suggested lunch again the next day, but Trudy was ready for him, with a real engagement with a real young man. Mrs. Lang did not telephone. When Mr. Allen asked Trudy to have dinner with him, she suspected that Claudia must be away.

"Have you forgotten the circumstances under which I entered your service?" she demanded, sounding even to herself like a character in a bad novel. "Have you forgotten how deeply you desired a secretary with no personal interest in you?"

Mr. Allen was smiling. "I haven't forgotten," he answered. "If I wanted to, you wouldn't let me." His smile broadened. "Do you really feel that dining with me would be too great a strain on your maternal or other emotions, Miss Hammond?"

Trudy's cheeks turned as brightly pink as though he had slapped her. "If you want me to stay in this job," she declared hotly, "you'd better leave me alone!"

Mr. Allen's smile vanished. "Oh, Miss Hammond," he said, "I wasn't serious. Surely you don't think—"

"I don't think anything!" said Trudy, and banged the door between their offices.

Please turn to page 8

## ...and Back to the Good Times.



"I will have to look my very best when he comes home . . . life is going to mean so very much to both of us. That is why I want to stay attractive and charming."

Escapade Lipstick is made under licence and from the formula of one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers. Made in two sizes.

# Escapade

THE THOROUGHbred OF LIPSTICKS



# NOTES FOR YOUR GUIDANCE

Delightful comedy of an English airman in a strange predicament

By C. S. FORESTER

SOME of the troubles that the squadron-leader got into were undoubtedly due to the fact that his name was Eric Price-Marshall; some of them were due to the fact that, as a result of his early environment, he talked exactly like a stage Englishman in a Broadway comedy—there are really very few Englishmen who do talk like this. But the principal factor which, oddly enough, landed him in a military prison in Texas, was that he had had mumps in Buckingham Palace.

Not many people can boast of having had mumps in Buckingham Palace, but then not many people can boast of having a second bar to the D.F.C. It was to receive this distinction that Eric was visiting Buckingham Palace.

He had just emerged convalescent from the hospital, because in his last action, the one in which he won that second bar, he had been slightly wounded. On his leave, between the hospital and Buckingham Palace, he had somehow caught the mumps, but just how he had done so it might be more gentlemanly not to inquire.

All we know is that he was seen dining with Marjorie Combermere-Clough at the Savoy one evening, and we know that Marjorie put in some time later on in an A.T.S. isolation hospital.

Even squadron-leaders with two bars to the D.F.C. are only human, especially when they are only twenty-two and are under orders for immediate foreign service. That is the time when they catch mumps from attractive officers in the A.T.S. some way or another.

On the day of the investiture at Buckingham Palace, Eric felt groggy and out of sorts; but when one has an appointment with the King, one does not allow a trifling indisposition to hold one back. So Eric walked over to the palace from his hotel in the hope that the walk would make him feel better, and, philosophically, was not very surprised when the treatment was unsuccessful.

He found his way to the right entrance with the readiness of long practice—for this was the third time that, in obedience to a royal command, he had waited upon His Majesty—and under the instructions of an official of the Lord Great Chamberlain he took his place in the line of officers moving forward to receive their decorations.

By this time his head was swimming and he was experiencing difficulty in swallowing.

That same official, a kindly old gentleman in staff officer's uniform with a quadruple row of ribbons, who had marshalled him into the line, began to eye Eric oddly the nearer he approached the Presence. He hesitated about taking Eric out of the line, and against his better judgment and to his subsequent regret, he allowed him to proceed.

Those last few minutes, while Eric was receiving his decoration, saw a remarkable acceleration in the progress of the disease. By the time Eric was leaving the big room quite a group of officers and officials was waiting for him.

"Just a minute, squadron-leader, please," said the official in staff officer's uniform.

Eric halted and stood at attention. "Do you feel quite well?" asked another officer with the badge of the R.A.M.C. on his uniform.

"Er—not very, been a bit under the weather all morning," said Eric. "Your face always that shape?" asked the doctor.

"What shape?" demanded Eric, not a little affronted despite his dizziness.

The doctor indicated a gilded Louis Seize mirror hanging on the wall and Eric glanced into it. It was quite an unpleasant sight that he saw there. Eric was vaguely reminded of a hippopotamus that he had seen at the zoo.

"Heavens!" he said, after a second glance.

"Just come in here a minute," said the doctor, and the whole worried group of them made their way into

a side room once sacred to ambassadors.

"Sit down there," said the doctor, turning Eric's face to the light. "Open your mouth. Say Ah. Turn this way. Does that hurt?"

"Ouch," said Eric. "I thought so," said the doctor; "you've got mumps."

"By Jove!" said Eric.

"What do you mean by coming to the palace with an infectious disease?" demanded the staff officer.

"A highly infectious disease, I believe, isn't it, Sir Ronald?"

"Goodness knows how many people you have infected," said another official, with an empty sleeve, glaring at Eric indignantly.

"Perhaps," said the most white-haired of all the officials, "perhaps you have even infected—"

He could not possibly finish this speech, but they could all guess what he meant to say, and looked at one another in horror of the bare idea.

"I am wondering what action I shall take, Squadron-Leader," said the staff officer, "and—"

"Well," interposed the doctor, "no matter what action you decide upon, the sooner we get him out of the palace the better. I will write the order to hospitalise him."

"I am under orders to go to the United States this afternoon," said Eric, speaking up for himself at last.

"The United States will have to do without you for a week or two," said the doctor, and then, turning to the staff officer: "How can we get him out of the palace without the public seeing him?"

That was how it came about that Squadron-Leader Eric Price-Marshall did not leave for America in accordance with his orders, and how he came to be separated from his kit and his uniforms, which had already preceded him, and how, when he eventually set foot on American soil, after a hideously uncomfortable trip in a bomber, his arrival was quite unheralded, and the American authorities had given him up for lost.

Eric had spent fifteen cold and cramped hours in the bomber. He now spent three highly luxurious days travelling to Texas from the place where the bomber landed him,



"A hold-up, what?" said Eric. "I thought they only happened in Chicago."

before in his life had he heard the sort of accent that Price-Marshall used, just as he had never heard the word aerodrome.

"Are you visiting there?" asked the agent.

"I suppose that's what you'd call it," said Eric. "How do I get there?"

"It's up the road a piece," said the agent.

"Can I get a taxi?"

"Taxis are scarcer than hen's teeth in this town," replied the agent. "I'll call up the airfield then, dammit. Where's a telephone?"

For reading matter he had a pamphlet in his pocket, "Notes for Your Guidance," which a thoughtful Air Ministry had provided for the instruction of R.A.F. cadets and officers proceeding to the United States.

"You are going to America as guests," he read, "therefore you will receive almost unbounded hospitality."

That was certainly true, as Eric discovered in the observation car. It took him a little while to recover from the shock of being identified as an Englishman the moment he opened his mouth, but he had no sooner explained that he was a Spitfire pilot, wounded in action over the Channel, come to America to give tactical instruction to the United States Air Corps, than the hospitality began.

People had a little difficulty sometimes in understanding him, thanks to that ridiculous accent of his, and there were moments when he reciprocated by not understanding what was said to him in reply, but on the whole that railway journey was a tremendous success.

"Sensitise your mind," he read in his instructions, "listen more than you talk. Think of Americans as your distant cousins whom you do not know well, but hope to know better. If you speak the standard English of the South you will be accused in America of having an English accent."

That was true, too—and it must be remembered that Eric's accent was something even more pronounced than the "standard English of the South." Brother officers in his own mess had been known to smile at it.

When they heard it first they had to glance at the ribbons on his breast and remind themselves that this was the Price-Marshall whose feats in a Spitfire had become legendary from the days before Dunkirk until now—it was hard to believe that a man who spoke like that could at the same time be a man of cold daring and brilliant efficiency.

The station nearest to the airfield at which Price-Marshall had to report was only a flag stop, and Eric was the only passenger to descend. The station agent looked at him inquiringly as he stood in his crumpled tropical suit with his little handbag—all the luggage he could bring in a west-bound bomber from England—wondering what he should do next.

"The Freshwater Aerodrome?" asked Price-Marshall.

"What?" said the agent; never

At the Freshwater Airfield a bored enlisted man answered the telephone and endeavored to make sense of what an apparently demented foreigner was saying at the other end.

"What was that? Who is this?" asked the private.

"I want to speak to the officer of the day," exploded Price-Marshall, shouting into the receiver. "Price-Marshall is my name. Eric Price-Marshall."

The bored enlisted man called the attention of his sergeant to the maniac at the other end of the wire.

"I think this guy must be an Englishman, sergeant," he said, "and he keeps on saying he is some sort of marshal."

"Marshal?" said the sergeant. He picked up the instrument just in time to hear Eric's next explosion: "I want the officer of the day, Hallo, Hallo. Are you there? This is Price-Marshall speaking. Eric Price-Marshall."

"Gee," said the sergeant. A great light was dawning on him—a false dawn, but vivid enough for all that.

"Here," he said to the private, handing back the instrument, "go easy with this guy. I'll be back in a minute."

The sergeant ran like a hare in search of the officer of the day while Eric at the railway station was surprised and gratified at hearing a sudden change of tone at the other end.

"Yes, sir," said the private, "hold the line a minute please, sir. We're getting the officer for you, sir."

The sergeant (he was undoubtedly the cause of much of the subsequent trouble) saluted the officer of the day breathlessly. "There's a British air vice-marshal on the phone, sir. Wants to speak to you."

Once the idea of an air vice-marshal was put into the head of the officer of the day it was hardly likely that when he heard Eric say "Eric Price-Marshall" on the telephone he would be disillusioned, especially as the officer of the day knew that a British air vice-marshal was at that moment visiting certain airfields in the United States.

"Yes, sir," he said very deferentially. "You're at the station, sir? I'll send down for you right away, sir."

Eric hung up with a sigh of relief.

Please turn to page 31





**Open-air service  
in the north-west**

• While on his painting tour of north-west operational areas, artist Wep (W. E. Pidgeon) painted these two studies, and the one on our cover this week, of churches and church services. Above is sketched an open-air service at a camp, men coming from many points to their devotions among the palms and gum trees.



**Historic church  
in Darwin area**

• Naval men are gathered about the little old stone Church of England, which was one of the first buildings erected by early settlers in the Darwin area. Nowadays men of the armed forces are the worshippers there. ON OUR COVER is shown the Roman Catholic church, where two services are held every day.





"Good-bye," Mr. Waltham called, then stood wondering if Anita and Ted had even heard.

## HOME IS WHERE IT'S PEACEFUL

MR. WALTHAM half expected when he came home from work each night, to find the wreck of an aeroplane on his front lawn. He got off the bus and plodded along the front walk. The car stood in the drive, and Mr. Waltham peered at the tyres and winced as an aeroplane ricketed overhead on a test flight from the newly erected plant a mile away.

Trying to shut production problems from his mind, Mr. Waltham opened his front door. He stepped across the threshold, then stopped and clutched at his throat. A corpse with a bandaged head was stretched out on the living-room rug, the body of a large and florid woman he had never seen before. Mr. Waltham gasped and fought for breath.

"Nan," he choked out.

The corpse raised its head, regarded him gravely, and then smiled, and became vertical. "You must be Mr. Waltham," the woman said. "I'm Alice Hayward."

The name meant nothing to Mr. Waltham. He backed away a step and then Nan came downstairs. She said, "Chet, this is Mrs. Hayward in our first-aid class. The others have gone, and we were practising artificial respiration."

Alice Hayward laughed. "Nan left me so out of breath I stayed where I was to recuperate." "She removed the bandage, went outside, and Mr. Waltham scowled. "I have enough headaches at the office without coming home to find strange females scattered about the house."

Nan was hurrying toward the kitchen. "Brace yourself, darling," she said. "The maid left this morning. She's going to be a cement mixer, I believe."

Mr. Waltham said petulantly, "I don't want to go out for dinner."

"Oh, I couldn't possibly eat a thing," Nan said. "I had tea for the first-aid class, and there are a lot of sandwiches over. I'm warming up the pot roast from last night for you, too."

Mr. Waltham stared at her. Rush, rush, he thought. One son in the Army. Another one in college, begging in every letter to join the Air Force. Nan tearing round on a dozen committees. And Anita! Mr. Waltham considered his daughter and groaned. Engaged to a young man she had known only three weeks, and who was about to be drafted.

He went slowly upstairs to wash for supper, pity sweeping over him. His branch of the factory had been converted to a Government war project, and he was not even allowed to tell his wife about the work. There had been troubles in the old days, too, but then Mr. Waltham had come home and talked the kinks out of his mind to Nan.

He rounded the upstairs hallway and the bathroom opened. A complete stranger barged into the hall, nearly running Mr. Waltham down. He smiled, showing two rows of strong, white teeth in an olive-colored face. "Soap in my eyes," he said, and ducked into the room that had belonged to Harry, now in College. Mr. Waltham glimpsed another person in the room, a blue-eyed man with close-cropped blond hair.

Washing hurriedly, Mr. Waltham charged downstairs and into the dining-room to point an accusing finger at his wife. "It took me ten long years to pay off the mortgage on this house. And now I find it has become a dormitory. Who are those people?"

Nan put down a plate of sandwiches curling at the edges. "Oh, you must mean Mr. Kowalski and Mr. Picelli."

Mr. Waltham shuddered. "I am not interested in their names. What are they doing here?"

"Didn't I tell you? I know I meant to last night. The housing situation in town is simply impossible, you know. They've been begging everyone who can to take in roomers. I gave those two boys Harry's room."

Mr. Waltham said, "I am not running an apartment house."

"They work at the aircraft plant," Mrs. Waltham went on. "Would you want me to turn them into the streets?"

"With taxes and expenses going up," Mr. Waltham said, "they probably end up making more money than I do." His mind latched off to a more important problem. "Where's Anita?"

"She went off with that Rogers boy. Bicycle riding, I believe."

Mr. Waltham opened his mouth to speak, and steps clattered down the stairs. The two roomers went out the front door and Mr. Waltham glared after them.

Nan said, "You'd hardly know they're in the house. I gave them a front door key, and they can let themselves in at nights without disturbing us."

"I'll be the night clerk," Mr. Waltham said, looking disapprovingly at the sandwiches. His mind shuttled

Mr. Waltham choked on a nut-and-cream-cheese sandwich. "You would not look well on a bicycle," Nan said. "I got a basket for the handle bars, wasn't that smart? I'll be pedalling all over town."

Mr. Waltham said angrily, "Don't pedal in my sight. I am lunching at my club to-morrow with a major-general. Stay away from the club, please."

Nan said, "I'll wobble past the dining-room, no hands, and yoo-hoo at you."

The front door opened and Anita came in, the screen door banging behind her and sending Mr. Waltham a foot out of his chair. Anita's dark hair hung to her shoulders, and her blue eyes were large and sparkling with impudence in an oval face.

Mr. Waltham ponderously took out his watch. "For the past eighteen years or so we have been accustomed to eating dinner at precisely—"

Anita said, "Hi, kids," and interrupted Mr. Waltham by kissing his bald spot. "How's the man behind the man behind the gun? Get those bugs out of the big secret yet, Daddy?"

Mr. Waltham spluttered. Nan said, "There are some sandwiches and warmed-over pot roast—"

"I'm not hungry," Anita said. "We had hot dogs and lemonade. Ted and I are going out. We have to dash."

"Before you go," Mr. Waltham said, "I have something to say to you."

Nan bounced up suddenly. "Goodness, I'll be late. I'm going to ride the bicycle over to Jane's and I know it will take me ages."

"You haven't eaten a thing," Mr. Waltham protested.

"Good-bye, darling," Nan said. "There's some cherry pie. I'll cut you a piece."

"I don't want any cherry pie," Mr. Waltham said. "No one pays a bit of attention to me in this house."

The pie was placed before him, and Mr. Waltham attacked it as though his fork were a bayonet. He looked up presently and saw Nan wobbling down the driveway on her new bicycle. Mr. Waltham closed his eyes.

"Your mother," he said to Anita, "looks obscene on a bicycle."

Anita said, "Why, Daddy, she's cute."

Mr. Waltham finished his pie. "Anita, I want to talk to you."

Anita nodded gravely, but her eyes sparkled. Mr. Waltham looked at her and wondered bitterly why it was that he could hold the attention of a board of directors for an hour and a half, and bore his daughter to death in three minutes.

"This young man of yours," Mr. Waltham said, "he seems very nice. But you have only just met him."

Anita said dreamily, "I think I fell in love with him because the hair on the back of his head won't stay down. It fascinated me right from the start. I saw him first from the back, you know."

Mr. Waltham said, "Oh, yes?"

"Go on, darling," Anita said. "I didn't mean to interrupt." "Believe me," Mr. Waltham said earnestly, "I am only thinking of your own happiness. The world is upside down. People everywhere are acting rashly on the spur of the moment. This is the time when you should make a special effort to be cool and collected. I just don't want you to do anything in a reckless moment that you will regret all the rest of your life."

Anita reached across the table and patted his hand. Walking round to him, she put her arms round his neck, pressed her face against his cheek, then turned and ran for the stairs. Mr. Waltham lifted a hand to his face and drew it away wet. Anita had been crying. He sat there in wonder.

"Botheration take it all!" he said, and lighted a cigar. He strode into the living-room and picked up the evening paper. He glanced at the headlines, frowned, and turned to the financial page. Some of his holdings had fallen off as much as two points, and the cigar lost its flavor. He threw the paper to the floor and went outside.

Another aeroplane thundered overhead, and after it had gone he heard the sound of a lawn-mower round the side of the house. The roomer, Mr. Picelli, came into view shovelling the machine. He stopped and looked warily at Mr. Waltham.

"Hope you don't mind," he said. "Mrs. Waltham is charging us so little for that swell room that I feel we ought to do something in return."

"Very good of you," Mr. Waltham said. He felt distinctly uncomfortable.

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By Willard H. Temple

back to Anita, and his appetite vanished. He said, "Anita knows what time we eat. Why can't she be here on time? Nan, I want to talk to you about her."

Across the table Nan was counting on her fingers: "To-night we meet at Jane's. Lunch at the Y to-morrow. Must remember to take those books to town."

Mr. Waltham suggested: "Maybe you think we can pipe gasoline out of water faucets. Or possibly you are under the impression that I am growing rubber trees in the garden. I gave up the car to ride a bus to work, and I cannot have you driving about like mad all day."

Nan said, "Oh, I've a marvellous surprise for you. I bought a bicycle this morning. I practised riding it before lunch. From now on I'm going to use the bike exclusively."



## Continuing . . . The Irresistible Object

from page 4

SHE had guessed correctly about Claudia being away. Mr. Allen also went to the country for the week-end. He returned on Monday with the sunburnt, relaxed look of a man who has had a perfect holiday, and was so cheerful that Trudy could hardly bear him.

He was at the laboratory when Mrs. Lang telephoned from the country, on Friday morning.

"You can take the message," Claudia told her. "Tell him to try and bring some cordial."

Trudy licked her dry lips. "Is that all?"

"You can give him my love," said Claudia.

Mr. Allen returned after lunch, and Trudy took down the letters.

"I think that's all," he said. He looked at her sympathetically. "Do you get out into the country at week-ends?" he asked.

Trudy shrugged. "You do, she thought, and remembered Claudia Lang's message.

Mr. Allen nodded absently.

"I'll type these letters and you can sign them before you leave," said Trudy.

"All right," he said.

It was almost five when she finished her typing and took it in to Mr. Allen.

"I shan't be back until Wednesday," he told her. "I'm going to Devon."

"Very well," said Trudy, and went back into her own office.

On Monday afternoon she was sitting at her desk when Claudia arrived.

"Mr. Allen's in Devon," said Trudy.

"I know," said Mrs. Lang, smiling. "I had to come to the dentist, and my train doesn't leave for an hour, so I thought I'd wait here." Trudy was silent, and Claudia Lang said, sitting down. "Tell me, do you like working for Oliver? I mean is he a kind employer or a cruel one?"

Trudy looked her straight in the eye. "I imagine," she answered, "that men's characters are much the same in the office as in the

home. How do you find Mr. Allen? Socially, I mean?"

"It's only recently that I've really come to know him," Mrs. Lang went on. Her eyes were bright and unreadable. "Poor Oliver!" she added. "He does need someone to look after him."

Et tu, Claudia, thought Trudy. Is it maternal or sentimental or five-thousand-a-year? Suddenly she was angry. What right had this sleek, spoilt woman to barge into her office and cross-examine her?

"If you'll excuse me," said Trudy, "I have some letters I must type." She rolled a sheet of paper into the machine, slapped smartly at the keys. jUnx 2%, she typed.

When Mr. Allen arrived at the office on Wednesday morning, Trudy's smile was warm.

"Hello!" she said. "It's nice to have you back."

"Is it?" asked Mr. Allen, looking astonished.

"Did you have a good journey?" she asked. "Here, give me your hat." She frowned prettily. "Did you sleep in your clothes? You'd better let me tell Willie to take your coat out to be pressed."

Mr. Allen blinked.

At one o'clock, Trudy said: "Haven't you better have lunch, Mr. Allen?"

"Haven't you?" he retorted.

"It's so hot," she said. "I think I'll send Willie for a glass of milk."

"Nonsense," said Mr. Allen. "You need more than that. Get your hat and we'll have a meal together."

At three o'clock they were still sitting at their table.

"I can't get over it," Oliver Allen said. "You're a different woman."

"It's the heat," explained Trudy demurely. "I shall be myself again as soon as the thermometer drops."

"Is that a threat or a promise?" demanded Mr. Allen. He looked very happy.

Trudy sighed. "I suppose we ought to remember that we already

have an office, here in town," she said.

"Let's forget that," suggested Mr. Allen. "What do you say to throwing tools and playing truant?"

Trudy and Mr. Allen remained where they were and talked until dinner. A taxi carried them to a shady, cool restaurant where they talked some more, and danced happily in the cool of the evening.

"I have never," said Oliver, at two o'clock outside her flat, "had a nicer time."

Trudy gasped.

Neither have I, she thought. Oh, Oliver, neither have I!

The factory was on the phone for Oliver as he came in at the door of his office next morning, and Trudy could only smile radiantly at him and say, "Mr. Lindstrom," as she handed him the phone.

It seemed as though every separate department needed Oliver's attention that day. At one o'clock they sent out for sandwiches. At three MacDermott from the sales department came in, and Oliver spoke to Trudy over his head.

"I forgot to tell you," he said. "I have an appointment in Manchester to-night. Will you book two seats on the seven o'clock train?"

Two, thought Trudy. Someone was going with him, MacDermott, perhaps.

At five o'clock Charters from the warehouse was in the office. Perhaps Mr. Charters was going to Manchester.

"Are you still here, Trudy?" Oliver asked suddenly. "Good heavens, girl, go home!"

"When will you be back?" asked Trudy.

"To-morrow morning. Good-bye."

At eleven next morning she began listening for Oliver's footsteps. He should arrive at any minute now. At twelve she was listening more intently. At one she sent Willie out for sandwiches and went into the cloakroom to do her hair and powder her nose. At two she began tapping one foot nervously. Oliver had an appointment at three. It was not like him to be late. At three-fifteen the client waiting in Oliver's office departed.

"Something must have happened," Trudy told him. "Mr. Allen is punctilious about appointments."

Twice she thought that the glass clock on Oliver's desk had stopped. When its hands reached four she was frightened. Something must have happened. Why didn't he let her know?

The telephone rang, and her hand shook as she picked it up.

"Oh, Miss Hammond!" Mrs. Wright's gentle voice exclaimed. "How dreadful!"

Trudy's heart stopped. "What is it?" she asked.

"You mean you don't know? Oh, my child, I'll come and see you now at once."

Trudy jiggled the phone frantically, but Mrs. Wright had hung up.

What a dreadful thing! What did the woman mean? She must have telephoned from the corner, because she appeared almost at once, clutching the evening paper.

"Train smash on L. M. S. . . . Engine-driver and five passengers injured . . . Oliver Allen, London business man . . ."

Mrs. Wright's arm was round her. "It says minor injuries," she was murmuring, as Fay Miller burst into the room.

"Trudy, have you heard from Mr. Allen? Is he badly hurt? Oh, I can't bear it!"

Fay, too, was carrying a newspaper. Photographs illustrated the same hurried story, in a later edition. Trudy's eyes saw only two faces. No! she thought. Oh, no! Oliver Allen, London business man, and beside it, another photograph. Mrs. Claudia Lang, also of London.

Trudy closed her eyes. Will you book two seats? For a brief moment she hoped that Oliver Allen was dead.

"Well, well!" drawled a voice from the doorway. "So we all meet again."

Mrs. Wright said, "Oh, Miss James! What are you going here?"

Olga James smiled. "Any more news? I was passing, and I thought I'd come in and ask." Her eyes rested on Trudy sardonically. "It looks as though Oliver had double-crossed you, doesn't it, Trudy?"

Trudy said nothing. She wished that she were dead.

The telephone rang, and she answered it, while three pairs of eyes, like the eyes of the three Fates, watched her face.

"Mr. Allen is in hospital here in London," she told them, without any expression. "He is quite all right. Only a broken wrist and some bruises. He wants me to take some papers to him there."

She took a taxi to the hospital and sat very straight, staring out at the streets.

The nurse who took her up to his room smiled. "He's waiting for you," she said. "Room thirty-seven."

Trudy moved along on leaden feet.

"Here!" called a familiar, imperious voice. "Come in here a minute!" Trudy stopped stock still. Through an open door she looked straight at Claudia.

"Come in," Claudia insisted. Trudy walked slowly into the room.

"Don't look like that!" commanded Mrs. Lang. "Please!" Her small hands clutched at her sides, and Trudy saw that she was bound tightly, round and round. "I've got two broken ribs," she added, "and if I laugh it kills me."

"Must you laugh?" asked Trudy starkly.

"Please!" begged Claudia. Her voice shook with restrained laughter. "You do think I'm the Other Woman, don't you?" she demanded. "I wanted you to think so. Oliver told me all about you, and how you wouldn't give him a chance, so I thought—"

"What are you talking about?" Trudy asked.

"You and Oliver," answered Mrs. Lang. "I didn't plan this accident. I'm not as thorough as all that. You see, I went to Manchester to a wedding, and it just happened. But I knew you'd think—Trudy Hammond, you do love my brother, don't you?"

Trudy's fingers gripped the bottom of Claudia's bed. "You're Oliver's sister?"

"Yes!" cried Claudia. "He thought you knew. It never entered his head—oh, please go away! It hurts too much!"

Trudy stared at the white sheet, Oliver's sister!

She turned quickly, and her feet beat a rapid tattoo upon the heavy rubber flooring. Room thirty-seven. She laughed. She was no immovable force, she told herself, happily, but she was hurrying as fast as she could move, towards a thoroughly irresistible object.

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## Movie World

• Geraldine Fitzgerald, in spite of the fact that she has appeared in comparatively few films, is ranked as one of Warner Bros. top dramatic stars. This Irish beauty was recently acclaimed by American critics for her performance in "Watch on the Rhine." (Top left.)

• Gene Tierney, whose exotic beauty makes her perfect for Oriental roles, is actually of Scotch-Irish ancestry. While husband, Count Cassini, is away with the Army, Gene devotes her time to care of baby daughter and making films. She recently co-starred with Henry Fonda in the Fox production, "Heaven Can Wait." (Top right.)

• Cheryl Walker, Hollywood's true Cinderella girl, was an unknown stand-in until she was selected from 600 applicants for the coveted leading role in United Artists' "Stage Door Canteen." Following her success in this film she was selected to star in "Strange Victory." (Left.)

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No More INDIGESTION PAINS  
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**HARDY'S!**

Relieve indigestion and stomach trouble to-day. Buy a tin of Hardy's and right away you'll get quick permanent relief just as thousands of other sufferers have done. Take HARDY'S and eat what you like, and enjoy it, free from fear of pain or discomfort.

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INDIGESTION  
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PRICE 2/9 A JAR  
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## GLAMOR GIRLS GO RURAL



• With her husband, Major Tom Lewis, in the Army, Loretta Young has taken over the household chores, and admits she enjoys doing the marketing.



• Starlets Shirley Patterson and Adele Mara team together for a barnyard blitz. They are typical of many young things who are now taking an interest in farm life.



• Vegetable gardens are becoming the rage in Hollywood, and many film celebrities are converting flower gardens into "Victory" plots. Here is Janet Blair getting in some hard work in her backyard.

### Distinguished American Beauty

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.,

looks like a lovely Dresden China figurine. This distinguished member of America's First Family has for years followed the Pond's ritual of skin care. "Since my boarding school days, I have used Pond's at least twice daily," she says. Her skin is damask-fine, soft, smooth.



Pond's Cold Cream for soft-smooth cleansing. Pat it in over face and throat—a little will do, because Pond's goes so much further. Now wipe off. Your face feels clean as rain, soft as silk.



Pond's Vanishing Cream—a much-loved powder base. Apply lightly before make-up. It's non-greasy. Takes and holds powder with velvet smoothness—and helps protect against wind and weather, too!

BEFORE the war most of the screen beauties spent their spare time in beauty salons and a continuous round of night clubs; but now, like women all over the world, they have forsaken their former frivolous way of living and are anxious to do their share in the war effort.

The current craze in the film colony is to own a farm; it may be an expensive ranch or merely a pocket-handkerchief-size plot, but the enthusiasm of the stars is unbounded.

Bette Davis is one of the most ardent farmers. Before the death of her husband, Arthur Farnsworth, they spent all the time they could spare supervising the running of their vast and perfectly organized dairy farm, and now Bette, busy though she is with films and her work at the Hollywood Canteen, still manages to devote a good deal of time to her farm.

Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz settled happily on their lovely ranch shortly after their wedding, and enjoyed doing most of the work themselves. Now Desi is away with the Army. Lucille takes a great pride in tending the chickens and looking after the flourishing young orange grove.

After the death of her husband, J. Walter Ruben, Virginia Bruce retired from the screen and devoted herself to her small son and daughter and her six-acre farm. Virginia is now planning a screen comeback, but although unable to get help on the farm, she has announced that she is determined to carry on.

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Your skin has nearly 50 million tiny seams and pores where germs hide and cause terrible itching, Cracking, Eczema, Peeling, Burning, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads, Pimples, Pool Itch, and other blemishes. Ordinary treatments give only temporary relief because they do not kill the germ cause. The new discovery, Nixoderm, kills the germ quickly, and is guaranteed to give you a soft, clear, attractive, smooth skin in one week, or money back on return of empty package. Get guaranteed Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day and remove the real cause of skin trouble. The guarantee protects you.

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For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.

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Do dreams have a significance in material things? The screen has known no more enthralling, ecstatic romance than that between Paul and Joan... yet a dream brought them together!

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## FLESH AND FANTASY

Charles BOYER  
Barbara STANWYCK  
Edward G. ROBINSON  
Betty FIELD  
Robert CUMMINGS  
Robert BENCHLEY  
Thomas MITCHELL  
Charles WINNINGER

"FLESH AND FANTASY" is a motion picture about people—exciting and intriguing people—the lives they live, their joys, and triumphs... a rare and wonderful film. One you'll want to see and experience many times!

Produced by CHARLES BOYER and JOHN DOWDER  
Directed by JOHN DOWDER



Not Suitable for General Exhibition





# Madcap musical...



**1 BUS-DRIVER** Joe (Eddie Cantor) looks too much like Cantor to get on stage. Pat (Joan Leslie) and Tommy (Dennis Morgan) conspire to help him.



**3 ONE** of the star turns is Bette Davis' singing of "They're Either Too Young or Too Old," which she follows with a jitterbug dance.

**2 DETERMINED** to get their chance, the trio kidnap the "real" Cantor and the monster benefit show, "Cavalcade of Stars," goes on with Joe as the star of the important cast, and Pat and Tommy featured, and they achieve a sensational success.



**4 POPULAR RADIO SINGER** Dinah Shore makes a triumphant screen debut, singing "Blues in the Night," and is mimicked amusingly by John Garfield.



**5 COMEDY** comes to the show when George Tobias, complete with zoot suit, does a boogie woogie sequence with Olivia de Havilland and Ida Lupino.



**6 FILMDOM'S** number one tough guy, Humphrey Bogart, is remonstrated with by gentle S. Z. Sakall.



**7 OOMPH GIRL** Ann Sheridan sings to beautiful young things that "Love Isn't Born, It's Made."



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## Thank Your Lucky Stars

**WARNER BROS.' musical, "Thank Your Lucky Stars,"** follows the currently popular trend of teaming a brilliant array of top-ranking stars in a grand-scale vaudeville show hung together by a flimsy thread of plot. This show provides an interesting sidelight in presenting many of the featured stars in completely unexpected acts. Comedian Eddie Cantor has a dual role. He plays himself as star and producer of the show; also Joe, a humble bus-driver. Bette Davis, for instance, famous for her dramatic ability, does a jitterbug routine. Popular hero Errol Flynn dons a handle-bar moustache and a Cockney accent for his song and dance turn. Alexis Smith dances for the first time in a film, and John Garfield sings. Joan Leslie does a shadow-boxing routine, impersonating "Gentleman Jim" Corbett.



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Yes, and I always shall!  
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**MACLEANS TOOTH PASTE**  
"British to the teeth"



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to come  
home-

to a girl with a **FILM STAR** skin

9 out of every 10  
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GIRLS WHO WANT ROMANCE  
KNOW THE IMPORTANCE OF  
SKIN THAT'S FLOWER FRESH-  
DELICATELY PERFUMED. A DAILY  
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SOAP** DOES THE TRICK.  
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*Michèle Morgan*

Universal star appearing  
in "Two Tickets to London"

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But look what Happened!



Ellen forgot about  
perspiration in undies—  
a **DOUBLE FAULT** today

Beauty-sleep is fine. But not if it means  
neglecting underthings. Perspiration in  
underwear is a *double fault* today. As well  
as killing charm, perspiration weakens silken  
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pretties, keeps you immaculate

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# DERRICK, V.C., gives all credit to "the boys"

## They'd follow him anywhere, says corporal of victorious platoon

By FRED A YOUNG

Sergeant Tommy ("Diver") Derrick, V.C., D.C.M., fourth winner of V.C. in Australia's most decorated battalion, still modestly refuses to take all the credit for the storming of Sattelberg and makes it clear to all who congratulate him that the credit should go to "the boys." "Without them I could not have done it," he insists.

Speaking for "the boys," Corporal Wally Everett, of Adelaide, one of the two corporals of the victorious platoon, said: "Of course the boys would follow him anywhere and they'd do anything for him. He's a cracker soldier."

CORPORAL EVERETT told me that when the order came to withdraw, as conditions had become too dangerous, Tommy consulted the rest of the platoon, which was considerably under strength at the time.

"What do you think, boys?" he asked. "Do you think we could go on with it?"

They replied: "If you think so, we will fall in with you," and it was then that he sent his runner back to platoon headquarters asking for an extra 10 or 20 minutes.

Sergt. Derrick was put in charge of the famous platoon when its sergeant was killed only a few days before the events at Sattelberg.

His successful action saved two days of fighting. That is one reason why it was so important, says Corporal Everett.

He is very pleased about the honor because he and the other platoon corporal, Joe Buckton, helped to prepare the citation.

The lads who were with Derrick on the epic occasion were Cpl. Wally Everett, Cpl. Joe Buckton, Privates Sid Hammeh (Vic.), Billy Woodall (Vic.), Bob Asars (S.A.), Bill Delbridge (Vic.), Ron Logue (W.A.), Les Eaton (Vic.), Stan Edmunds (W.A.), Frank Connelly (W.A.), Doug Sutherland (S.A.), Charlie Barrett (S.A.), Don Spencer (Vic.), Bob Mackenzie (S.A.), Jack Young (S.A.), Wally Washbrook (Vic.), Harold Dubrick (S.A.).

Three were wounded. — Stan ("Shorty") Edmunds received serious injuries to an eye.

Don Spencer got grenade shrapnel in the shoulder, and was away from the unit for about three weeks.

Ron Logue, of W.A., had shrapnel wounds in the leg, but refused to go out of the action.

### Kiss for a hero

WHEN news came that Sergeant Derrick had won the V.C. he and Mrs. Derrick were staying on Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Foreman's block at Winkle, near Berri.

Mrs. Derrick answered the phone announcing the news.

"Oh, Tommy's got the V.C.!" she said excitedly to Mrs. Foreman, and the two hurried out to the bottom of the block where Tommy was chatting with Mr. Foreman and a couple of neighbors.

The men had been asking Tommy about Sattelberg, and one of them said: "They ought to give you the V.C., Tommy."

"Oh, no, it was not worth that; perhaps a Military Medal, that's all it was worth," he said characteristically.

"Well, if you don't get the V.C. I'll cut one out of tin for you myself," said another of the friends heartily.

They were all laughing when Mrs. Derrick and Mrs. Foreman joined them. Mrs. Derrick hurried over and kissed her husband.

"What's this for?" he asked, pretending to ward her off with his arm.

"Oh, darling," she said, "I thought I could kiss you as I'm the wife of a V.C. winner."

"I've never seen anyone take anything so calmly as Tommy did," said Mrs. Foreman.

"I'm not, am I?" he asked.

"And we were all so excited about

MRS. TOM DERRICK, attractive young wife of Australia's latest V.C. winner.

it," Mrs. Foreman added. "It seemed so wonderful that the news should have come while they were our guests."

"They came up for a few days to attend the wedding of my daughter, Margaret. Tommy toasted the bride at the reception, and made a lovely speech about her. He's always been very popular here, and all the guests were making a great fuss of him."

"On the evening the news came through we were all too excited to eat much tea. Then the phone started."

"A carload of friends drove out from Berri at about ten o'clock at night. We all toasted Tommy, and things were very bright. The phone kept ringing till midnight, and started again at 6 a.m. Telegrams started to come, and in the morning Tommy and Beryl left for home with friends in a private car."

"A lot of people were disappointed that they were not going by bus and train, for they wanted to give him a send-off. But Tommy was feeling a bit shy for that."

Mrs. Derrick says that Tommy's reaction to all the excitement was: "What's there to be excited about? You can't eat it."

"Last time he was home on leave twelve months ago the news came that he had won the D.C.M. at El Alamein," she said proudly, "but you know, he wouldn't tell me what he'd done to get it. This time, of course, I knew all about what happened at Sattelberg."

Tom Derrick and his wife are both great letter-writers. Mrs. Derrick writes to her husband every night before she goes to sleep.

"I'm the luckiest man in the com-



TOM ("DIVER") DERRICK — his mother's favorite picture, which she and Tom's wife both wear as medalion brooches.



TOM DERRICK, V.C., D.C.M., hero of the Sattelberg action in New Guinea. War correspondents say he "took Sattelberg himself." — Department of Information picture.



HERO'S DAD, Mr. David Derrick, of Port Adelaide, is a watchman.



MRS. DAVID DERRICK, mother of the V.C. winner. She works in a war factory.

pany on mail days," put in her husband.

"I'm lucky, too," said his wife, and she produced the calendar on which she marks with a cross the days she receives a letter from Tom. There were plenty of crosses scattered on it.

Mrs. Derrick was in her middle teens when she met Tom . . . at a football dance.

For six years they were great friends, and were married a few months before the war.

In the last letter received by Mrs. Derrick before the news flash arrived describing her husband as the "hero of Sattelberg" he mentioned that he was "just off for another bit of fun."

Time of writing was just about at the beginning of operations which were to make Finschhafen safer for the Australians, win a V.C. for Tom ("Diver") Derrick, and at the same time add a new

name—Derrick's Peak—to the map of New Guinea.

"Tom's like that. He makes light of everything," says attractive young Mrs. Derrick. "Nothing ever seems to worry him. He is cheery and full of fun. He writes his letters just as though he were talking to me."

Tom Derrick was also one of the Tobruk "Rats." For six months with his mates he dodged death. Since then he's told his wife that at times they gave up hope of ever getting out.

"And only once during that dreadful time did he ask for anything. He wanted a tin of jam," says his wife. "Any sort will do," he wrote her, "so long as it's jam."

It was a thrilling day for Sergt. Derrick's parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Derrick, who live in Quebec Street, Port Adelaide.

Mr. Derrick, who was on the staff of the South Australian Harbor Board for 25 years, and is now watchman at Meggitt's Portland Canal, was going home on the evening of the announcement, and called at a shop for a paper.

"Did you see Tommy's photo?" asked the shopkeeper.

Thus Mr. Derrick learned of his son's fame.

Mrs. Derrick, sen., who is doing a war job at a cotton mill at Killenly, was on the three-to-eleven shift.

"Is that your son?" asked the foreman, as he showed her the evening paper.

"Too right it is," said Mrs. Derrick. "What's he done?"

"He's got the V.C.," replied the foreman.

"At the end of the tea hour, when the whistle blew," said Mrs. Derrick, "the foreman called through the microphone, 'Silence, please. We have in our midst Mrs. Derrick, mother of the V.C. winner. Will you stand up, please, Mrs. Derrick?'"

"So I stood up and everyone cheered," said Mrs. Derrick. "We went back to work, but I was far too excited to stay the full time, and knocked off at 9.30."

"Dad said, 'What's the matter, Ma? You're home early?' and when Rosie called out, 'Did you hear about Tommy?' I said, 'Too right I did.'"

Thirteen-year-old Rosie had a thrill at school next day. Her teacher at the Port Adelaide Technical Girls' School gave a talk about Tommy, and all the girls cheered.

### Excited sister

LILLY, the seventeen-year-old sister, found plenty of excitement among the girls where she works. They made an appropriate parody on "Johnny's Got a Zero."

First thing the eldest unmarried sister, Lottie, did was to get out her autograph album.

When Tommy came back from the Middle East, she got him to write his name in it, and wanted him to put D.C.M. after it.

"You don't do things like that," Tommy said to her.

"So I wrote it in," said Lottie, "and now I've written V.C. after it, too."

Tom got the name of Diver early because of his swimming and diving prowess, was a good footballer, and gained a reputation as a boxer in the Murray district.

He did a lot of sparring in both the Middle East and New Guinea, but he said: "I absolutely refused to box on the boat coming home. I thought my wife wouldn't like to see me with my beauty ruined."

To which she replied, "I'd like to see you whatever you looked like."



# Editorial

APRIL 8, 1944

## FIFTH WAR EASTER

**E**ASTER—the fifth war-time Easter—brings again its eternal message of hope to all humanity.

*The world has never been more in need of faith in the abiding truths of Christianity.*

Many front-line soldiers and waiting mothers, wives, and sweethearts have found during these war years that only from the simple faith of their childhood can they draw the strength they need to sustain them through such times as these.

*The whole Allied war effort draws its inner strength and unity from this same source, from the ideals on which Christianity is based, and of which the focus and inspiration is love and goodwill toward men.*

The Nazi way of life—and death—denies these ideals.

It sweeps aside the Christian conception of the dignity and sanctity of man, and counts the life of an opponent of its twisted doctrines as of no consequence.

Its driving force is hate, its standard the pagan crooked cross.

Where that standard flies, freedom of worship has been denied to many people, along with freedom of speech and opinion.

Churchmen who have defied totalitarian edicts and have tried to fight for the rights of their flock have been ruthlessly eliminated.

To ensure that Easter may still be celebrated in all its solemn beauty is one object for which the United Nations are fighting to-day.

*And this Easter the prayers of all the world will be for peace, that the terrible ordeal of war should pass from us before the Easter bells ring out again.*

—THE EDITOR.



WIRELESS TASK FORCE members in New Guinea. L. to R.: Back Row: Eric Fredrickson, Ray Gill, Vince Courtman, Charlie Thompson. Centre: Arthur ("Snowy") Telford. Front Row: Johnny De Jersey, Ron Chutlock, George Findley.



"SCRAN IN THE BLUE" for members of a famous Air Force squadron in the Middle East. Back Row: "Herb," G. T. Gaunt, "Doug," "Curly," "Cecil." Front Row: "Blue," Frank Cribb, "Herman." Photo sent by LAC Gaunt to his mother in Blacktown, N.S.W.

## Men from all walks of life in this R.A.N. crew

Kangaroo shooter, cadet reporter, ex-stow-away—these are some of the men from all walks of life who form the crew of which Signaller R. E. McNamara, R.A.N., is a member.

He writes about them all in a letter to Mr. F. Flatley, McLean's Ridges, N.S.W.

**M**EN from all walks of life form our crew—from a Sydney playboy to a kangaroo shooter," he writes.

"The kangaroo shooter, who, before joining up had humped his swag across the continent three or four times, told me he was only ever lost once, and that was in a bargain basement in a Melbourne store.

"Another chap boasted to me that before war broke out he had travelled round the world five times as anything from a stowaway to an A.B. and never once paid his fare.

"Then there is a 17-year-old boy, who was a cadet reporter.

"We christened him the 'Cherub,' until one day a Jap plane came over and started strafing us.

"When the gunner was injured the 'Cherub' jumped into his place. 'We didn't call him 'Cherub' after that.

"Among our crew are some fine artists. Going forward you might hear a cross talk good enough (if unsuitable) for the music-halls, or a mouth-organ solo, or a singer who reminds one of Richard Crooks.

"We also have our humorists. There is 'Blue,' with flaming red hair, his big pan covered with freckles, and bow-legged. He seems to be always grinning.

"Then there is 'Poppye,' so called because he is the living image of the well-known splash-eater.

"His star turn is the song, 'Poppye the Sailor-man,' with a frying-pan used as a banjo.

"They are all a wonderful lot, from the skipper to smallest ordinary seaman, and all good friends.

"We are certainly a happy crew—as Nelson said, 'We are a band of brothers.'

Pte. H. G. Cottrell, New Guinea, to his wife, Mrs. H. G. Cottrell, 1 Bank St., Northcote, Vic.:

"OUR small party left at Brigade Command accounted for over 20 Japs.

"We lost one killed and two wounded. Our only death was caused by drowning during a heavy storm, and the two wounded from trying to get in too close to take prisoners.

"The boys had the 'Nips' where they wanted them. They were without food, and armed only with rifles and hand grenades.

"We managed to collect a few prisoners. Our captured Japs were very subservient, and tried to get sweet with us by offering to carry our gear and packs.

"When the 'Nip' throws in the sponge, our chaps treat him well. The boys usually give him some bully beef and a smoke.

"The 'Nip' shows his gratitude by bowing and bending. You would think we were Buddhas.

"Our captives finish up in a wire compound. Each is given a blanket, and immediately curls up from the public gaze and sleeps until transport takes him off to some unknown destination."

F/Sgt. Reginald Carr, bombardier in a Lancaster squadron, to his father-in-law, Mr. R. Brown, 2 Fitzroy St., Abbotsford, N.S.W.:

"I'VE been in the squadron here for two months now, and have done ten operations. There isn't much variety in them as yet, six of them being on Berlin.

"It's a big place, and they definitely resent our going over to pay them a visit.

"We come in from various directions at different times, and to look ahead and see that huge band of searchlights you can't see how anyone could get through it.

"But you do. Just drifting slowly along, and then giving directions to Ron, we now move into position to drop the 'cookies,' and the remaining bombs.

"It almost seems as though it is all unreal because of an absence

### LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the Fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For brief extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.



FOOTBALL PREMIERS somewhere in New Guinea. Back Row: L. to R.: W/O. Hitchins, Cpl. Bracker, LAC Davey, Sgt. McNally, LACs Bunter, Phillips, Feige. Seated: LACs King, Gage, Levot, Neal, Twist, Foster, Graham.

of any sound, except the drone of the motors. Don't get the wrong idea, there is plenty doing, but in the bombing run you concentrate so much on the target that other things just don't matter.

"Flak is heavy sometimes, and light at others, but it seldom troubles us much.

"We have collected a few holes from time to time, especially in G for George, in which we went to Berlin four times. We did the 69th, 70th, and 71st trips that George has done. Regular magnet for flak it was.

"Our own regular kite now is C for Charlie, a nice nipsey new Lancaster. Bags of power and climb."

Pte. L. J. McNamara, in the Northern Territory, to his mother, at 506 Dandenong Rd., Carnegie, Vic.:

"I GAVE one of the two dogs away yesterday, and kept the good one—'Tilley'.

"She hurt her leg on Monday night, and to-day an X-ray showed a fracture.

"I treated it till the swelling went down, then last night I took her to see a doctor.

"To-day I got a ring from the hospital offering to fix her up, so I took her along this afternoon.

"When they found she had a fracture, Miss Barr—the physio-therapist—offered to fix it, and put it in plaster.

"Now 'Tilley' is walking on it again.

"I had her washed and brushed, and she is a great favorite with all. "It was wonderful of them to do it."

F/Sgt. D. B. May, in England, to his mother, Mrs. J. C. May, Nunjikomita, S.A.:

"IN Edinburgh we went to a dance, and they had half an hour's solid old-time Scotch dancing.

"Do you think it was gay! We were doing the Highland Fling and goodness knows what."

Member of the R.A.A.F., now in U.S.A., to his wife in North Bondi, N.S.W.:

"THIS week-end we went to Mexico with our C.O.—to a little place known as Rosarito Beach.

"When we reached the border we heard English spoken on one side of a gate, and five yards away an unintelligible gabble.

"At Rosarito Beach we called in at the Beach Hotel, a magnificent, rambling hotel which reminds me of a Mexican edition of the Lapstone, except that the front lawn in this case goes to within a few feet of the Pacific Ocean.

"An orchestra was on duty all day, and in between numbers four strutting troubadours and a young lady, all with magnificent voices, would gather round our table and sing request numbers.

"The food was delicious, the host was a great fellow, the music was wonderful, but the prime piece was reserved for the afternoon, when up walked Victor McLaglen and spoke to us.

"He had been married the previous night to his secretary of seven years' standing.

"He gave us the most wonderful time we've had in America.

"There's no Hollywood boloney with Vic—the man you see on the screen is Vic; he's not acting a part.

"He has invited us up to his ranch at Fresno, which is south-east of 'Frisco, where he has 2000 acres.

"I've never felt such a squib in my life as when I stood up next to him. He's 6ft. 3in. high. Goodness knows what weight he goes.

"He called on the bar to drink a toast:

"To these boys, God bless them—and to the rest of the Australians—the smallest band, but the greatest band of fighters the world has ever known."

"It made us feel quite good. "I have his autograph, and also his wife's first married signature—she was previously Suzanne Bruggeman."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY ... By Wep



# As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

**T**he week ahead is a time of opportunities for most Arians, Leonians, and Sagittarians, and for many Gemini-ans and Aquarians.

They should make every effort to improve their fortunes by wise planning, hard work, and confidence.

Librans will need to exercise caution to avoid loss, discord, or separations.

Cancerians and Capricornians must take care not to be impulsive or impatient. They should avoid changes, upsets, and arguments.

## The Daily Diary

**H**ERE is my astrological review for the week:

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Opportunities for alert Arians to seek desired goals. April 4 (sunrise and night), very good, April 5 (forenoon) helpful, April 10 (afternoon) good, (duak) poor.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): April 4, upsets likely; April 5 (before 10 a.m.), fair; April 10 and 11, trying.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 22): April 4 (dawn and night), helpful; April 8 and 9 (late evening to sunrise), helpful.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23): Routine best, beware pitfalls. April 7, 8, 9, tricky.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Time for action, but guard against rashness. April 4 (dawn and night), very good. Rest of day, uncertain influences. April 7 (early afternoon), fair. April 9 (early morning and late evening), good; April 10 and 11, poor.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Routine best, but make plans now for better times ahead. April 5 and 6, fair.

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): Be cautious and stick to routine. April 7, 8, and 9, poor.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): April 5 and 6 (to noon), good for quick decisions. April 10 (mid-day hours), best.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): Gains, changes, and opportunities now, so seek promotions. April 4 (dawn and night), good, but beware of obstacles and worry. April 5, 6, and 7, poor. April 8 (sunrise and night), good.

**CAPRICORN** (December 22 to January 20): Be guarded; obstacles, worry, and discord possible, especially April 4, 7, 8, and 9.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): April 7 (early afternoon), fair; April 8 (sunrise and round midnight), very fair; April 9 (early morning and night), fair. Rest of week poor.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): Routine best. April 5, 6, and 7, difficult for the unwary; April 10 (midday), fair.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

## MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"She's my substitute for the garage cars that you can't get noisedays."



# Mandrake the Magician



**MANDRAKE:** Master Magician, and

**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, get mixed up in the wrestling game as a result of

**SHARPY:** A manager, tricking Lothar into signing a contract. The Nubian makes a sensational debut, and is matched with

**BONECRUSHER:** As stepping-stone to cham-

ampionship match. Lothar intends to lose the match in order to get out of the wrestling game, but Bonecrusher faints from fright in the ring, leaving Lothar victorious. Meanwhile

**NAILS:** A gangster, begins to take an interest in Lothar. NOW READ ON:

I'M GOING TO DROP IN ON SHARPY.

I WAS JUST THINKING THAT, NAILS.

SHARPY, I JUST SAW NAILS ON HIS WAY UP HERE!

NAILS, COMING TO SEE ME? I'M NOT IN.

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, SHARPY? I WANTED TO TALK WITH YOU.

OH, YES, COME—RIGHT IN—NAILS.

WHAT DO YOU WANT HERE, NAILS?

THIS LOTHAR'S A PRETTY HOT RASSLER, AIN'T HE?

NO, NOTHING MUCH.

THAT'S NOT HOW I HEAR IT. THEY TELL ME HE'S THE NEXT CHAMP.

JUST TALK.

DON'T TRY TO BLUFF ME, SHARPY. I WANT FIFTY PER CENT OF HIS CONTRACT.

LOTHAR'S NOT FOR SALE—BESIDES, YOU HAVEN'T ENOUGH DOUGH TO BUY HALF-INTEREST IN HIM.

THAT'S RIGHT, I AIN'T FIGURING ON PAYING ANYTHING FOR IT.

ME AND MY BOYS'LL GIVE YOU FREE PROTECTION FOR A HALF-INTEREST IN THIS LOTHAR.

PROTECTION? FROM WHO?

FROM ME AND MY BOYS.

DON'T TRY THE ROUGH STUFF WITH ME, NAILS. I'VE A STABLE OF RASSLERS WHO'LL PULL YOUR BOYS APART.

WE'RE NOT AFRAID OF YOUR MUSCLE-MEN—MY BOYS'LL DRILL 'EM—WELL, HOW ABOUT IT?

BUT NAILS—LOTHAR'LL BE WORTH A MILLION!

SURE, I KNOW. YOU'RE GETTING OFF EASY AT FIFTY PER CENT. ACT NASTY—AND I'LL TAKE IT ALL!

WHAT DID NAILS WANT?

HALF-INTEREST IN LOTHAR—FOR NOTHING!

JUST WHEN I BUILT LOTHAR INTO THE BIGGEST THING IN THE WRESTLING GAME, THAT GANGSTER MUSCLES IN!

YOU CAN'T CROSS NAILS, OR THEY'LL FIND YOU FLOATING DOWN THE RIVER, SHARPY—

DON'T I KNOW IT? I SORT OF LIKE LOTHAR—HE'S A BIG, HONEST GUY—YOU KNOW HOW THOSE RACKETEERS'LL HANDLE HIM—

BUT WHAT CAN I DO?

THEY TELL ME THIS MANDRAKE IS PRETTY SMART. WHY NOT ASK HIM?

TO BE CONTINUED



# Parer romance proves that journeys still end in lovers meeting

## Ace war photographer marries on leave from the Admiralties

The wedding of ace Australian cameraman Damien Parer to brown-haired Marie Cotter, of Sydney, is a romantic proof that journeys, even in the hazards of war, do still end in lovers meeting.

Without any idea that they were travelling toward their own wedding, Damien and Marie each planned a journey in the third week of March. Marie was in Canberra, Damien in the Admiralty Islands.

**M**ARIE works in the records branch of the Attorney-General's Department at Canberra.

Damien was in the Admiralty Islands as war cameraman for Paramount News, with the films of the infantry landing safely secured.

Then Marie decided that she must be at home in Wollstonecraft, Sydney, on Friday, March 17, because it was her mother's birthday, and so obtained extended week-end leave.

Damien, at the beginning of that same week, realised that his film equipment needed overhauling, and decided on a flying trip to Australia.

Damien intended to be in this country only long enough to get the job done.

He was in Sydney when he heard that Marie Cotter—formally christened Elizabeth Marie—would be arriving on the Canberra train that night.

When Marie got out of the train, Damien was waiting for her on the platform, and as she walked toward him, he thought of the first time he ever saw her—walking toward him along a pleasant, pre-war suburban street in Sydney.

Marie told the story the day before their wedding.

"I was with my sister Doreen, and we saw this young man coming toward us—I looked at him, and in the way you do when you are very young, thought 'Oh, he's nice.'"

"Then he came up to us, and I heard my sister saying: 'Hello, Damien,' and he stopped, and we were introduced."

"Doreen had met him at a tennis party a few days before."

It is one of those comradely jokes between Damien and Marie now, however, that he really took his first good look at her through a camera in 1938.

Damien, who had come to Sydney in 1935 from his parents' temporary Melbourne home, was then slowly realising his life's ambition—to be a film cameraman.

He had got his first job, a very minor one, with Charles Chauvel on "Uncivilised."

### Grecian profile

SO Marie thought he would be a good person to take her photograph.

"Damien was developing the print, and took a very long look at it, then remarked, 'A very good Grecian profile, if I may say so!'"

Between that day and the meeting on Central Railway Station on March 16, 1944, intervened the war, separations, hurried meetings, and separations again. The romance was obviously there.



MR. AND MRS. DAMIEN PARER, leaving the church after their wedding. Wife of the ace war film photographer was Miss Marie Cotter.

But Damien and Marie, when they talked about it, laughingly refused to go into long, sentimental details.

"I met her at the train on Thursday," Damien firmly brought the story back to March 16.

"The next day we were engaged—and we got the ring."

The following five days were a bustle of preparations.

But the most important things were a cable and a telegram.

A cable was sent by Damien to his New York assignment editor, Ted Genock, asking for a week's honeymoon leave.

The telegram was sent by Marie to the Attorney-General's Department in Canberra, asking if her week-end off could be extended to 10 days.

When the wedding day came, Marie's leave had been granted—but Damien, his cable unanswered, might still have to leave Australia again at the end of the week.

Damien and Marie were married with a Nuptial Mass at St. Mary's Catholic Church, Ridge Street, North Sydney.

When they entered the church at 9 a.m. the sun was shining.

The bride wore a Wedgwood-blue silk jacket suit, with cherry velvet epaulet bows on the shoulder, which she had bought two days before in a shop in Sydney.

The bridegroom wore his uniform—which he had managed to get back from the cleaners only at 4.30 p.m. the day before.

But Damien could not be free of films, even on his own wedding day.

His old friend, Chester Wilmot, A.B.C. War Correspondent, was revising the commentary for the Australian official war documentary

film, "Sons of Anzacs," in which so many of Damien's own newswreels were used.

Wilmot had co-opted Damien to work on some of the new commentary—and the job was not finished, as they had hoped, on the wedding eve.

Marie, however, was perfectly calm about it.

She has seen every film that Damien has made.

Indeed, Marie is very proud of having picked out Damien's work in a newswreel of the Cape Gloucester landing, where his name did not appear.

Damien Parer's "Kokoda Trail," as presented by Cinesound, won the 1942 Academy Award for being the best documentary short film of the year.

As a newswreel cameraman for the Australian Department of Information, Parer filmed Australia's war from early in 1940 to the latter half of 1943.

### Magnificent films

AMONG the producers who have edited Damien's films as they came from the D.O.I. is Ken G. Hall, of Cinesound. Here is what he has to say of Damien in those war years:

"As far back as the first Libran campaign Parer was doing magnificent stuff."

"He was the first Australian cameraman to fly on a bombing raid at that time."

"You will remember the very good film he did on Tobruk. His famous newswreel shot of the bombing of Tobruk harbor—when a ship was hit and literally jolted out of the water—has been used again and again; it appeared in 'Desert Victory.'"

"Another Parer scoop was the bombing of the Maedhu in Port Moresby. He lay flat on the cliffs for days waiting till he got that film."

"The 'Kokoda Trail' film, for which I got Parer to speak his first foreword, was a cracker."

"But I think his 'Assault on Salamaua' is his best."

It was in his foreword to "Assault on Salamaua" that Parer paid his burning tribute to the Australian fighting men of New Guinea.

"They have passed all limits of physical endurance; they are living on their spirit—and their guts."

To get the Japanese foxhole raid in this film Parer crawled with the infantrymen, holding his camera above his head. In one shot the whole film tilts sideways as Parer ducked from a Japanese hand-bomb thrown into a clearing.

To-day, as a cameraman for Paramount News, for whom he has been working since his resignation from the D.O.I., Parer is covering another phase of the Pacific War.

Where he will be to-morrow Parer does not know.

But at least, like thousands of other young Australian couples, Mr. and Mrs. Damien Parer had their brief honeymoon (it was at Orange, N.S.W.) before the man went back to war.

## Army helps New Guinea brides find wedding finery

The first three Aomws to be married in New Guinea, Privates Connie Strong, Cecily Hatcher, and Marjery O'Leary, overcome jungle shortages and had traditional ceremonies with pretty frocks, picture hats, and flowers through the combined co-operation of their fellow Aomws and Army personnel.



BRIDAL FINERY IN JUNGLE. Private O'Leary, of A.A.M.W.S., in her wedding-dress and picture hat, in New Guinea.

**A**RMV personnel, in addition to supplying the bridegrooms, provided two wedding rings made on the spot, dye to tint a wedding gown, and the "blitz buggies" which took the young couples on their honeymoons. They had also built the chapel in which the first wedding took place.

The third bride had a hastily borrowed man's ring, while the boat with her wedding and engagement rings, sent up from Melbourne, idled about down the harbor well within view of the young couple as they arrived at the church.

It was still there next morning when they left on their brief honeymoon at a nearby plantation.

Fellow Aomws made the bridal ensembles for two of the brides from a roll of organdie which their unit had salvaged after the campaign in Eritrea and carried with them as a treasured possession when they were later posted to New Guinea.

The third bride had her wedding dress and toque sent up by air from Melbourne.

She is still awaiting the arrival of the cake, which was sent by ordinary mail.

For the three receptions which were held in the mess, soldiers produced all kinds of lush jungle fruits and flowers, mixed with flowers from the girls' gardens.

Private Marjery O'Leary, who, before her marriage in the Church of

the Rosary, Port Moresby, was Private Newby, was turned out as a bride on twelve hours' notice.

In that time members of the dental unit at the hospital where she was stationed made her a wedding ring from material used for dental fillings, beautifully chased with crosses to resemble kisses.

The organdie for her frock was produced by a member of the nursing staff from out of a dark cupboard, dyed from white to mauve, and then fashioned into a bouffant gown by one of her friends off duty, Lieut. Mabel Bentley, of New South Wales.

Corporal Phyllis Dayman, a peacetime milliner, made the picture hat to match in record time.

Private O'Leary, when she was shown the white organdie, mentioned wistfully that she had always thought if she didn't marry in white satin with a veil, she would choose a pastel blue.

The dispenser was called in. That would be easy, he said. He could soon concoct a blue dye, and retired immediately to his laboratory.

### Tinting error

IN a short time he returned with the mysterious ingredients. They would, he said, produce a beautiful shade of blue.

Lieut. Bentley got to work immediately with the dye bath, and out came a lovely shade of mauve.

Private O'Leary met her husband while he was in hospital at Port Moresby, and two months later they were married.

They had only a few hours together before the bridegroom left on leave. Private O'Leary has now joined her husband in South Australia, and has met the members of his family for the first time.

Later, before being posted to a base hospital in Australia, she will visit her family at Moman's Bay, Perth.

Private Cecily Hatcher, formerly Cecily Matthews, of Belgrade, Vic.,



A.A.M.W.S. BRIDES and three fellow members of jungle units read "Guinea Gold." Sitting: Brides Marjery O'Leary and Cecily Hatcher. At back: Private Connie Strong, the third bride, and Privates Joan Buchanan, Judith Scholes, and Valma Lancaster.

was New Guinea's first A.A.M.W.S. bride. Her marriage to Sergeant Ian Hatcher, whose home is in Middle Brighton, Vic., is the only wedding so far to have been celebrated in the chapel in the hospital grounds at Port Moresby.

Private Hatcher's wedding ring is made of New Guinea gold. It is chased with tiny circles to symbolise eternity, and is the work of the dental unit at the hospital. Her dress and picture hat of white organdie were also made from the roll of material brought from Eritrea.

With a ring borrowed at the eleventh hour from one of his friends in a transport unit, Corporal Jack Strong married Private Connie Lewis at the Church of England, Port Moresby, on March 1.

Corporal Strong wore a blue heavy crepe ensemble and a matching toque sent by air from Melbourne by her sister, Mrs. Gwyneth Jeffreys.



# STALWARTS OF AUSTRALIA'S HOSPITALS

MANY of Australia's great hospitals are short-staffed and can carry on only because of the loyalty and hard work of old employees. This page shows just a few of the stalwarts of hospital staffs in three capital cities doing their own jobs and a bit extra.



**SYDNEY** ST. LUKE'S. Student Nurse Joan Rigg (left) lends a hand at washing-up to Pat Savage, stalwart of domestic staff.



**SYDNEY HOSPITAL.** Sister M. Lenox, dietician, cooking for a special ward. She and her assistant have done many spells of cooking in addition to their regular work.



**WOMEN'S HOSPITAL, CROWN STREET.** Staff-Nurse C. Macnoley scrubs a bath. Domestic employees have rallied splendidly, but shortage in numbers increases nurses' work.



**PRINCE HENRY'S.** Kitty and Ellen Wilson serving lunch. They've worked at this hospital for more than 12 years. Kitty is in charge of dining-room, Ella of the laundry.



**ROYAL MELBOURNE.** Chief cook Vivian Burgess, and second cook Mrs. Leonard Courtney preparing lunch. With 14 assistants they cook for 800 people, but have carried on at times with a staff shortage of five.



**EYE AND EAR HOSPITAL.** Rex, the storeman, has been on the staff for 28 years, has not missed a day in past 16 years. He's worked as porter, stretcher-bearer, theatre attendant, window-cleaner.

**MELBOURNE** WOMEN'S HOSPITAL. Laundry workers Mrs. N. Williams, who has worked at hospital for 28 years, and Mrs. M. Steele 16 years.



**MATER MISERICORDIAE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL.** While keeping an eye on their small patients, these two nurses, Mary Morris and Mita McAnelly, mop the floors.



**DIAMANTINA HOSPITAL.** Nurses Gladys Casey and Ruth Bartholomew hanging out towels from the hospital wash. Domestic help is biggest problem to hospital staff.



**BRISBANE GENERAL.** Nurses Thelma Hansby and Alma Kurtz washing-up. Like thousands of other hospital workers, these nurses are cheerfully shouldering extra jobs.

**BRISBANE** MATER MISERICORDIAE. Nurses Phyllis Hoey and Marian McCarthy help by stringing beans for dinner.



## Continuing . . . Wings To Beat

from page 2

"NO," Don said slowly. He considered whether he should tell Terry of the warning. But Terry was impulsive and had a wild tongue. He would probably spoil everything in an attempt to have Dawn removed from danger. "No," he repeated. "Just a prayer from a scrib who wants another chance."

Terry pointed through the window, up at the sky. "There won't be any washing done to-day. Look. There's a storm coming up."

Half an hour later Flight-Lieutenant Corney entered the ward. "I've washed out flying," he said, "the met. reports indicate a dirty twenty-four hours ahead. I've shot all the trainees into the classrooms."

Don nodded and sighed. "Between one thing and another," he said, "the progress charts will look like something prepared by a tortoise. What are the instructors doing?"

"I've dismissed them," he said. "They'd better stay on the station. It might clear up." Don didn't want Dutchy running loose. "Keep them standing by. That goes for to-night, too."

Corney looked surprised, but he nodded.

Don said: "Did Van Groot report back at ten all right?"

"On the tick," Corney stood up. He said: "I'd better get over to the mess and give the boys your orders."

When he had gone Terry grinned over at Don. "You're the tough C.O.," he observed. "It's a wash-out. Why not give the boys a break?"

Don shrugged. "I've got plenty I can give them to do this afternoon."

"They're General Duties men," murmured Terry, "but I doubt whether you could get them to sweep out your office. Their game is flying."

"I know," said Don irritably. And that was why the storm was a double curse. He could have kept Dutchy more or less under his eye while the school was flying day and night trying to catch up to

their schedule. But he could not see how he was going to do that with flying washed-out.

The doctor came and confirmed their bargain. Don got up after lunch, but was not permitted to remove his bandage.

The doctor cautioned him to be back before dusk. He added, "Now that the planes are grounded there seems to be no good reason why you should go. But I'll stick to our bargain. After all, it contained no weather clauses."

A thunder clap answered that, and Don had to wait for the first fury of the storm to spend itself. While he waited he saw a tender pull in through the gates and stop opposite the nurses' quarters. Dawn got out and ran across. He felt happier at her return, although he knew that danger would stalk her at night, not during the day.

Don went to his hut for his service revolver. When he had stocked up with cartridges he went over to the tarmac. His instructors were hanging round moodily. He looked them over and realised that it was impossible to keep them on the chain. Not all of them.

He said: "All right, chaps, it's a complete wash-out. But I could do with two or three of you for the rest of the day. I'll take the duty-pilot, and you—pointing at Camden—and you, Dutchy. You kicked up your heels last night while the rest were flying. The rest of you can scam out of it, but keep in touch. There might be some flying to-night."

He hoped there would be, for when he entered his office he was scratching his head wondering what he could give Dutchy and Camden to do. The duty-pilot had his job. He was there to handle any signals that might come through. He thought up a job for Camden. Then he called in Dutchy and handed him the parachute charge-sheet.

"These are the jobs which waste time during flying," he said. "Go ahead and check this lot over."

Dutchy took the sheet. His eyes were on Don's head. He said, "Sorry to hear you ran into dirty weather last night, sir."

Don shrugged his shoulders. "It could have been a lot dirtier. Did you go ahead with your application for a posting overseas?"

Dutchy shook his head. "I changed my mind."

"Just as well. You were buying in for a lot of disappointment."

Dutchy nodded, saluted suddenly, and left. Don went to the window. The rain had ceased for the time being. He thought he would have a talk to Bowers, see how the repairs were going.

The tarmac was like a mirror with water. The wide, shallow drain which ran the whole length down the centre was in flood, and the water was bubbling over the gratings of the drainage shafts.

Don looked down one of the gratings as he passed. It was half filled with storm water. He guessed the outflow at the dam would be running full choke. If any more rain fell during the next hour the drainage wouldn't take it. Rogers had been right about that.

Suddenly Don turned back. He stood for a full minute listening to the water falling into the shaft, then he bent and tugged at the grating. It was loose, of course, to make the clearing of stoppages easy. And the shaft it covered was wide enough to take the body of a man with ease.

Don considered for a moment. There was nobody on the tarmac. The flight offices had no windows at the back.

He turned and followed the line of gratings. There were two to each hangar site and one between. When Don reached the first of the completed hangars he went inside. Bowers greeted him sympathetically. "Serviceable again? They're giving you a rough time. Still, I'd rather it be your head than my slippers."

Don smiled. "It's your turn again," he said.

"They won't come at that again. The C.O. had guards posted everywhere last night, men he picked himself. There's not going to be a repetition of that bad show."

"So he decided the wreckers came through the cordon," said Don. And then, "Did anybody consider they may have come by the subway—the storm drain?"

"Sure. Rogers thought of that, and he and the C.O. came over last night to look into it. But there was nothing to it. All the gratings on the tarmac were encircled by the cordon, and Rogers had forgotten that the grating over the outlet at the dam was set in concrete. So nobody could have crawled up there."

Don was staring absently at a bomber. He said, "But what about the street drains? They all run into the one pipe, don't they?"

"Rogers had the blueprints with him. For the streets smaller pipes were used—less than a foot in diameter, I think they are. No man could crawl up one."

Don left Bowers to his job, but he did not return to his office. He walked to the southern end of the tarmac and kept going. He left the blocks of buildings behind and reached the boundary fence. He climbed this and headed for the dam. A black bank of cloud was piling up promising a further deluge. Don hoped he might get back to the shelter of the station before it broke, but large drops of rain were already falling when he reached the dam.

There were several feet of water in the dam. He stood and looked at it for a moment, and then went down the bank to the concrete support which supported the outlet pipe. The pipe was spouting water at full bore; the pressure of the water against the grill created a fountain which had a savage beauty. Don bent over and studied the grating keenly, although at a glance he could see that it was firmly embedded in concrete. He then tested the pipe and the supporting blocks.

An isolated clap of thunder burst overhead. He stood up and looked round. There was no shelter within a mile or so unless the ruins could offer any. He studied them for a moment, and then suddenly started off briskly in their direction.

It was raining furiously when he reached the western wall. He went through an opening which was once a door, and crouched in the corner of a small room.

There was no roof to the room, and most of what had once been the eastern wall lay littered on the floor.

The corner in which he was crouched was comparatively dry. Through a gap in the wall he could see a huddle of buildings, and knew them to be Clancy's piggeries. They were two or three miles away, and were only just visible through the rain.

A damp patch appeared at Don's side. He watched it extend, thinking it was caused by water running down the wall, but then he saw it oozing up through a thin crack between two floor slabs.

He sat and watched the seepage. Here and there the water was actually bubbling through. Idly he picked up a small stone and raked the rubble away from the slab.

After a while he noticed that the seepage was confined to a single stone which was half hidden beneath rubble, and wondered then whether the slab covered the entrance to a cellar which had become flooded. He thought, those old monks were like rabbits for getting underground. I'll have to come back again when it's dry, and explore.

He lost interest when it stopped raining. He stood up and passed through what originally had been the main section of the chapel. He saw then that the small room he had sheltered in had a replica on the other side—that the chapel had been built in the shape of a cross. The second room was completely choked up with fallen blocks of stone.

He went outside, and saw that although the building had been placed in a slight depression no water had gathered. He was faintly surprised at that, for he had visioned a lake pouring its waters into a channel or a cellar beneath the chapel. However, it was not of great interest.

He circled the ruins idly, and before returning to the station he had another peep into the room in which he had sheltered. The water, he noticed, had spread considerably and had formed a pool. Little islands of dust were floating on its surface. And here was something else. He stared at it in surprise.

The next moment he was bending over, dipping a finger into the pool.

**D**ON returned to the hospital at dusk. To his surprise he found Dawn on duty. "What on earth are you doing here so early?" he asked.

Dawn explained that it was a private arrangement between herself and a friend who wanted to go to town for the night. It meant that she would be on duty for twelve hours or more, but as there were only two in-patients the matron had not minded.

Don did not mind, either. It meant that for one night at least—from dusk to dawn—she would be under his observation.

She was looking him over, and Don became conscious of his muddy shoes and soiled coat.

"Where have you been?" she demanded. "You'd better get right into bed before the doctor sees you."

"Without a bath? Come, come! What's the service like in this hotel anyway?"

She allowed herself to smile. "It's the off season. We have only one other guest. He doesn't think much of the service, but he has to stay on."

Don nodded with slow approval and went to the ward.

He slipped into bed with Terry's envious eyes upon him.

Terry looked meaningfully from his bandaged head to his muddy raincoat, and asked, "What's it like out there? Will I notice any difference in the world when they turn me out?"

"It's much the same as it was a week ago," Don assured him. He was glad to get into a hot bath, and when he emerged he felt much better, soothed.

Dawn came in a few moments later.

"Dinner will be up shortly," she said. "After that you may read for a while. But you have to go to sleep early. Doctor's orders."

Terry said indignantly, "But you were going to bring the radio in here—"

**D**AWN said firmly, "I'm sorry, sir. It will disturb other patients—"

And then Don remembered something about a radio. He said, determined, "If it's Father Sebastian you were going to listen to, then I'm going to listen, too. I couldn't sleep knowing that he was on the air. His music does something to me."

Dawn hesitated. She said, "Perhaps an hour wouldn't do any harm." After dinner she brought the radio in and connected it to a bedside point. The set was crackling. Don heard the distant peal of thunder.

Dawn kept turning a dial trying to dampen the static out. Don found himself wondering whether his passion for Father Sebastian's organ music had been stimulated to enable her to listen-in to the broadcast without undue comment from the other nurses. He supposed she was interested in the Batavian broadcasts, too. Then he felt mean.

Father Sebastian came on, but the first few minutes of his broadcast sounded like the recording of a blind Dawn hung on purposefully, but Terry blocked his ears and screwed up his eyes, and in the end she switched the set off, disconnected it, and carried it out looking cross.

Terry gazed after her sadly. Don shut his eyes. He had a wide-awake night ahead of him, and hoped he might snatch some sleep before the real vigil began—when the life of the station allowed down to a crawl. It was raining again. The sound of it was both a reassurance and a lullaby. He fell asleep thinking, they can't do too much while it rains anyway. Rain will wash their style—

He awoke some time later with a start. The ward was in darkness, and Terry was breathing gently. Through the open door streamed the light from the passage. He got out of bed, put on his dressing-gown and slippers, and slid quietly out of the room.

The hospital was silent as a tomb. Out in the passage he looked at his watch. It was midnight.

He found Dawn dozing in her room. She sprang up startled as he entered, although his slippers made barely a sound. "You should not be out of bed. Is there anything you want?"

He sank down on a chair. "Only to sit here and talk to you."

"But that's not permitted. The matron—"

"Sleep the matron. By now she's unconscious."

Dawn said firmly, "She would be scandalised. She is a whale on correct procedure even when asleep."

By that Don knew that he had won. He said, "Sit down and make yourself comfortable. Is the night orderly a zealot, too?"

"You can hear him snoring from here usually."

Don was not altogether pleased with that, but he made the most of it just then. He said, "That's right. We can talk the rest of the night together without interruption."

She had reacted herself, but the way she smiled Don knew he would not get away with that. He said, "How did the rectal go? Did the static improve?"

She shook her head.

"So many people must have been disappointed, too," she said. "They listen to him all over the place. He gets fan mail from as far away as Saigon."

Don thought that Mania might be farther.

He said, "I hope you haven't forgotten our date with Father Prior."

She said "No," and stood up.

And then the lights went out. In the dark he heard her moving, guessed her intention.

He said almost sharply, "Don't bother about the lamps. The current will be on again shortly."

"All right then."

He heard her return to her chair, sit down. He breathed more easily then, but he did not relax. He was listening, wondering whether the breakdown was due to one of the many causes which the new plant suffered under, or whether the cause was on the move again.

Suddenly Dawn gave a low laugh. "You can hear the orderly snoring now—"

But Don was listening to something else. He thought he could hear the slow creak of an opening door. He strained his ears. There was the creak again. He was certain now that it was a door.

(To be continued)

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 148-154 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

## STAR BAROMETER

Australia's choice of ten favourite recorded artists:

Nelson Eddy

Bing Crosby

Richard Crooks

Deanna Durbin

Vera Lynne

Kate Smith

Jeanette MacDonald

Richard Tauber

Gladys Moncrieff

Peter Dawson

**TUES. 2GB 9 P.M.**

## Rhythm INN

Radio's finest dance band caters for modern music-lovers

Musical offerings interspersed with comedy and the setting an imaginary Cabaret. "RHYTHM INN", . . . Brian Lawrence, Jack Burgess, Kitty Bluett, Terry Howard, Arthur Ward, Peggy Brooks, Beryl Meekin, John Cazabon.

**WED. 2GB 8 P.M.**



# Animal Antics



"It's nothing—his mother was frightened by a parrot."

## Easter Sunrise Service

On Easter Sunday, April 9, at 6 a.m., 2GB will broadcast an Easter Sunrise Service, patterned on the ceremony which has become so firmly established in America and England.

THE service, conducted by Mr. Frank Grose (Uncle Frank, of 2GB), will be held at the Gates of Government House, Sydney, adjoining the Conservatorium of Music.

Special trains and trams will be run from all suburbs, and ample car parking space has been made available. The departure times of the special trains and trams on the various lines will be advertised.

The service will begin at 6 a.m., and the rising sun will shine on a long cross of school choristers, robed in white, framed by members of the Junior Red Cross and Voluntary Aids, from various detachments.

The white cross, set in the red, white, and blue of the Red Cross and Voluntary Aids, should present a very lovely and inspiring sight.

As the sun rises the children will sing "Christ the Lord Has Risen To-day."

The massed choir, drawn from all churches, conducted by Vivian Peterson, will sing "And the Glory of the Lord," and "The Hallelujah Chorus."

Accompaniments will be played by an Army band, conducted by Lieut. D. E. Pearson. Soloist, in a special presentation of "The Trumpet Shall Sound," will be David Barwell.

The scripture reading and the benediction will be given by an Army chaplain, and an Easter message by Mr. F. E. Barnaclough.

The Easter Sunrise Service was first held in Hollywood, on Whitley Heights, 20 years ago.

Another impressive service will be held on Anzac Day, April 25, when 2GB will open at 4.15 a.m. to broadcast the Dawn Ceremony from the Cenotaph, Martin Place.

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, April 5: Reg. Ed.

THURSDAY, April 6: From 4.30 to 4.45: Goodie Reeve presents "All Day in Fancie."

FRIDAY, April 7: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."

SATURDAY, April 8: Goodie Reeve presents "A Radio Competition, Melody Favourite."

SUNDAY, April 9 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, April 10: Goodie Reeve's "Letters From Our Boys."

TUESDAY, April 11: "Musical Alphabet."

# Film Reviews

## ★★★ THOUSANDS CHEER

MGM, adroitly avoiding the many pitfalls of a lavish musical studded with top-ranking stars, have produced a show that hasn't a single dull moment.

In such films the story is usually conveniently overlooked, being only a meagre framework on which to hang a bewildering medley of grand-scale vaudeville turns.

"Thousands Cheer," however, would have been an entertaining film without the inclusion of the brilliant show at the end.

The theme is a charming and light-hearted wartime romance between a disgruntled private, Gene Kelly, and the colonel's daughter, Kathryn Grayson. Kathryn sings delightfully, and the technicolor camera greatly enhances her youthful charm.

The main interest in the first half of the film, however, is the appearance of the world-famous pianist and conductor, Jose Iturbi, who makes his screen debut. In addition to playing a generous selection of musical numbers, Senor Iturbi proves a grand showman.

The monster camp show is neatly handled by master of ceremonies Mickey Rooney.

Kay Kyser's band romps through "I Dug a Ditch," assisted by lovely model, George Carroll. Bob Crosby accompanies "Deadpan" Virginia O'Brien in "In a Little Spanish Town," and in one of the highlight scenes of the show Benny Carter's band is a perfect background for that unbelievable negro gladiator girl, Lena Horne, as she sings "Honeyduckle Rose."

Red Skelton, in an hilarious little sketch, is funnier than ever before on the films, and Frank Morgan neatly handles a provocative situation with three beauties, Ann Southern, Lucille Ball, and Marsha Hunt. —St. James; showing.

## ★★★ HOLY MATRIMONY

ARNOLD BENNETT'S novel, "Buried Alive," written at the beginning of the century, is brilliantly brought to the screen by Monty Woolley and Gracie Fields, who make a delightful comedy team.

The unusual tale tells of a famous painter who, wishing to avoid celebrity, assumes his valet's identity when his servant suddenly dies. This bizarre situation gives ample scope for sheer whimsy, and one of the most superb touches of ironic humor is Woolley watching his own impressive funeral.

Monty Woolley, cantankerous and lovable as the English painter, gives a superb characterization, which, surprisingly, is matched by Gracie Fields' performance as the homely widow in search of a husband. Gracie, after a series of noisy Lancashire comedy roles, at last gets an opportunity to prove her undoubted dramatic ability.

In spite of the excellence of the two stars, the supporting players are strong enough to shine brightly. Notable among these are Laird Cregar, Una O'Connor, and Eric Blore. —Mayfair; showing.

## ★★ ALWAYS IN MY HEART

HERE is an attractive and mildly entertaining little film, which mainly introduces Warner's young singing discovery, Gloria Warren. In addition to her delightful voice, Gloria possesses a charming personality and shows considerable acting ability.

The supporting cast is excellent, and features an impressive list of players. Walker Huston, as the musician, wrongly convicted, and sentenced to life imprisonment, gives a restrained and thoroughly convincing performance, and Kay Francis does well as his faithful wife.

## Our Film Gradings

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

Una O'Connor and Sidney Blackmer are good in lesser roles.

The story is an uninspired little piece, and tends to pall a bit at times, but if you are seeking escapism, you will appreciate it for its simple charm and naivety.

The title tune is a lilting number and musical sequences are attractive. Borrah Mineevich and His Rascals provide a pleasant group of numbers from swing to classical. —Tatler; showing.

## ★ SPOTLIGHT SCANDALS

MONOGRAM'S musical is a patchy production, but mixed up with a tangle of dull and badly dated material there are some first-class revue performances.

Most of the entertainment is due to the efforts of Billy Gilbert and Frank Fay, who provide some bright new gags (as well as a lot of tired old ones), and have an ingratiating manner of presentation.

The backstage setting permits the introduction of several production numbers, and regrettably brief musical interludes are given by the bands of Henry King and Herb Miller.

The amusing impersonations of the Three Radio Rogues is one of the highlights of the film, but why only fleeting glimpses of such talented artists, when the audience is subjected to listen to baby-voiced Bonny Baker whining her way through four songs? —Capitol and Cameo; showing.

# Interesting People

## LADY DIXON

... two thousand socks

A YEAR ago in Boston, Lady Dixon, wife of Australia's Minister to U.S.A. (Sir Owen Dixon), christened the U.S.S. Canberra. Now, in response to request from ship's captain, she and her group of Australian war-workers are knitting a thousand pairs of socks for crew.

Lady Dixon takes her full share of official duties in Washington, also does much Red Cross work.



## MR. A. W. S. MOODIE

... agronomologist

SENIOR agronomist, New South Wales Department of Agriculture. Mr. A. W. S. Moodie was recently appointed chief inspector in agriculture for N.S.W. Directs activities of 30 field instructors in Division of Plant Industry, who advise growers in food production and post-war planning. Since war, has acted as fertiliser rationing officer in N.S.W. for Commonwealth.



## HON. CAMILLA WEDGWOOD

... anthropological research

DISTINGUISHED anthropologist the Hon. Camilla Wedgwood has been appointed lieutenant-colonel attached to Army Directorate of Research. Will go to New Guinea to gather material upon which the Government will base its native educational policy.

Daughter of late Lord Wedgwood, of famous china firm, she holds a tripos in Old English, Old Norse, Archaeology, and Anthropology at Cambridge. Since 1935 has been head of Women's College, Sydney University.



there. He said, "That's very handsome of you, Mr. Waltham. Anita was afraid to tell you we were going to be married. She thought you'd try to stop us. But at the last minute I couldn't go through with it without letting you know. After all, I might have a daughter of my own some day."

Mr. Waltham said, "I've never had anything against you, son. It's just been so sudden. It's a big thing, getting married."

"I know that, sir. But people skip the preliminaries these days. We fell in love and decided to marry. And now we're better off."

Mr. Waltham paused with the brandy bottle. "How so?"

"I've something to fight for, something personal. And Anita isn't a foot-loose girl. She has a stake in this."

Mr. Waltham stared at him. Another aeroplane was over the house and the throb of its motor was suddenly reassuring. The muffled spat of the table-tennis ball from the recreation-room made him feel that his sons were home. The random thought struck him that with the two-rooms in the house the old and familiar problem of bathroom traffic would be revived.

Across from him Ted's gaze was level and clear, and Mr. Waltham became aware of his grip on the brandy bottle. He filled two glasses and handed one to his son-in-law. Solemnly they drank.

"You give it to 'em out there, kid," Mr. Waltham said. "I'll take care of things at home."

(Copyright)

# Home Is Where It's Peaceful

Continued from page 7

MR. WALTHAM said, "There's a radio down in the recreation-room. You and your room-mate are welcome to use it if you like."

He turned away quickly, the smell of new-mown grass in his nostrils, and went back inside the house. Anita came flying down the stairs, and at the same time a car honked out front. A lanky young man, sandy haired and pony, ambled up the front walk. He snook hands rather self-consciously with Mr. Waltham.

Anita kissed her father hastily. "Let's go, Ted."

Rogers hesitated. "How's the work going?"

"We'll get it," Mr. Waltham said grimly.

Rogers seemed about to say something, but Anita turned him toward the door.

Mr. Waltham followed them out as they made for the car. "Good-bye," he called, then stood wondering if they had even heard. He went back to the living-room.

He sat back in his chair, thinking of Anita, and below him in the recreation-room he heard the rattat-tat of a table-tennis game. The telephone shrilled suddenly, and he went to the hall to answer it. The strained voice of Ted Rogers came over the wire:

"Mr. Waltham? This is Rogers. I wanted to tell you earlier, but Anita wouldn't let me. Anita and I are going to be married to-night. We're at the Reverend Nell's now. He's going to perform the ceremony. I thought you might like to be present."

Mr. Waltham managed to say, "I'll be there."

He hung up the telephone with a crash, his hands opening and closing convulsively. He realised that he didn't know where Nan had gone. He flipped open her telephone pad and dialled the number of one of her friends. The friend answered and Mr. Waltham said, "This is Chet Waltham. Do you happen to know the whereabouts of my wife?"

The woman said, "She's right here, Chet. I'll put her on."

Nan's cheery "Hello" drifted over the wire. Mr. Waltham said, "It may interest you to know that your daughter is about to be married."

Nan gasped: "I'll be right home."

Mr. Waltham started to hang up, then shouted into the mouthpiece. "Don't ride that bicycle. Take a cab."

He went outside and walked up and down the drive until the cab deposited Nan on the sidewalk. She walked slowly toward him. "I feel exactly as though I've been riding a horse. I'm so stiff—"

"Your daughter is getting married," Mr. Waltham almost shouted. "To a man we know nothing about."

Mrs. Waltham put her hand on his shoulder. "Chet," she said, "I couldn't have done a thing. I saw it coming from the start. These things just happen and all that parents can do is to cross their fingers and trust that their children have intelligence of their own."

"Come on," said Mr. Waltham, hurrying to the car.

They drove into the street and Nan said, "Have you thought about what you're going to do? You can't drag her home, you know. You can't create a scene. Anita's over eighteen."

Mr. Waltham sagged and drove on silently to the Neil paragonage. He and Nan went up the walk and rang the bell. The minister let them in and Anita and Ted smiled uncertainly at them.

The minister said, "Shall we begin the ceremony?"

They stood before him and Mr. Waltham thought it was the most unhappy moment of his life. He had known that some day another man would take Anita away from him. And he had known that it would hurt a little when the time came. But he had planned it as a big event. Something to remember through the years, a memory when his only daughter walked out of the nest to begin a life of her own. And instead he stood here in a grubby little parlor. He kept his eyes on the floor, on a frayed bit of carpet between his feet.

The words came meaninglessly to him: "Do you, Theodore, take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife, to love—"

Ted's "I do" was low and clear. "And do you, Anita—"

Mr. Waltham tried to close his ears to it. A moment later it was over.

He did not trust himself to speak

as they went outside. Nan said, "We don't want to interfere with any of your plans, children. But perhaps you'd like to come home for just a few minutes, and the four of us will have a little reception."

Ted said, "We would like that very much, Mrs. Waltham . . . Mother."

Mr. Waltham bit his lip, and climbed in the car. Anita said, "Oh, isn't it wonderful? Look at the man I got!"

Mr. Waltham narrowly avoided running down an innocent pedestrian and then glared at him. He drove grimly home and into the garage. Nan lingered beside him as Anita and Ted went inside. She said, "Open up the brandy and stop imitating a tragedy hero."

In the kitchen, Mr. Waltham filled four brandy glasses, and carried them into the living-room. He struggled with himself, and had a difficult time keeping his voice on an even plane.

"I don't suppose you have any plans."

Ted said, "As you know, my number's up, I'm joining the Army in a week or so. Anita could live with my folks in Iowa. They've never seen her, but I know they'd love to have her. I thought, however, you'd prefer to keep her here while I'm away and gradually get used to the idea of losing her."

Mr. Waltham, the words like gravel in his throat, said, "How about a honeymoon?"

Ted said, "We talked that over and decided to pass it up. I have some money saved up and we think it's wiser to keep it intact. When this war's over, we'll want our own home. That money will give us a stake to get started on a solvent basis. We'll be able to furnish an apartment and have a bit of a nest-egg left over."

Mr. Waltham coughed. He spoke rapidly and somewhat incoherently: "Ought to have a honeymoon. Nan and I went to Niagara Falls. Look . . . you got married in a hurry. We didn't get a wedding present. Take a week . . . our expense, best hotel White Mountains. Anywhere else you want to go." Mr. Waltham gulped into silence, and then Anita's arms were tight round his neck.

"I'll get some more brandy," said Mr. Waltham hoarsely, breaking free, and wheeling toward the kitchen.

Ted Rogers came in while he was





**CHRISTENING.** Captain G. D. ("Jock") Cowdery, A.I.F., and Mrs. Cowdery (left) take baby son John to St. James' Church, King Street, for christening. Mrs. Garnett Stacy (Singleton), cousin of Mrs. Cowdery, who was well-known country girl Peggy Capp, is godmother.



**DECOR FOR EASTER DANCES.** Anne Sawers puts finishing touches to colorful mural which will decorate ballroom at American Red Cross Service Club for Easter dances, while American Red Cross worker Dorothy King, assistant programme director of club, admires her work.

## On and off DUTY.

**GAZE** ruefully at my ration book and realise there'll be no new Easter bonnet for me this year — so sally forth in last year's model to catch up with Easter season's "doings."

Entertainments for servicemen and servicewomen strike wartime note as compared with Sydney's pre-war round of gaiety.

St. Andrew's Hut, American Red Cross Service Club, and American Centre just a few canteens featuring special holiday attractions in menu or entertainment for service personnel.

Our own club, The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen, plans dance this Thursday instead of usual Friday owing to the latter being Good Friday. Servicewomen's dance at club Easter Saturday afternoon and evening.

**NOTABLE** absence of country folk round the town, as cancellation of cattle show from March 25 to April 29 makes many postpone visit until end of month.

**A.C.P. GRAND** Easter Rodeo at Sydney Showground scheduled for this Easter Saturday and Easter Monday, together with Randwick races, are two holiday highlights. Servicemen whose leave happily corresponds with Easter book weeks ahead for gala evening's dancing at favorite night clubs.

**EASTER** wouldn't be Easter without romantic interest of weddings, so I'm not surprised when Margaret Rogers tells me she intends to follow family tradition of Easter Saturday weddings when she plans marriage with Corporal Mervyn Cusworth for this Easter Saturday.

Margaret chooses Holy Cross Church, Bellevue Hill, for ceremony, and borrows wedding gown from sister, Mrs. Eric Warburton; adds diamond pendant worn by Mrs. Warburton, and another sister, Mrs. J. Malone, on their wedding days.

**SPEAKING** of the A.C.P. rodeo, I hear Gwen Duncan, of Bundaberg, Queensland, popular rider with Sydney Show crowds, plans challenge with Marg Bratby, of Warwick, holder of many championship ribbons, for the £100 prize-money in Ladies' Buckjumping Championship.

**TELEPHONE** Canberra to speak to Senator Dorothy Tangney, who tells me she chooses blue bridesmaid ensemble for sister Phyllis' wedding with fellow-worker in Navy Office in Perth, William Smith, at St. Thomas' Church, Claremont, W.A., on Easter Monday. "My sister's frock is pink, so I'm able to wear my favorite blue as contrast," says Senator Tangney.

**WEDDING** of country interest when Margaret Murray marries Jimmy White, of "Connaught" Gloucester, at St. Paul's Church, Burwood. Margaret is given away by younger brother John, who is doing final year of medicine at University. Mrs. Annette Murray, bride's mother, receives guests at small reception at her Burwood home after ceremony. Jimmy is elder son of Mr. James White, and of late Mrs. White, of "Edinglassie," Muswellbrook.



**INTERESTING WEDDING.** Pianist Joyce Greer and her husband, Dene de Holesch, artist, are congratulated by Joyce's father, Mr. S. L. Greer, of Melbourne, at small reception at Australia Hotel, which follows Dene's and Joyce's marriage at Sydney registry office.

**ALSO** of country interest is A.A.M.W.S. Sergeant Helen Beale's marriage with Gunner "Blue" (William James) O'Neill, A.I.F., of Yarrangah, Murga.

Fellow servicewoman, Barbara Donkin, who shared tent with bride in Middle East, is bridesmaid. Bride's dress is lent by Lieut. Sue Ocher Gre, A.A.M.W.S. Bride and bridegroom first met in A.G.H. in New Guinea.



**CELEBRATING ENGAGEMENT.** Pretty Frances Catta, and fiancé Douglas Davidson celebrate engagement at party at Prince's. Frances is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Catta, Huntley's Point, and Douglas is only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Davidson, of Willoughby. Both are attached to U.S. Army in Sydney.



**SHOWER OF CONFETTI** for Petty-Officer First-Class Louis Lipari, U.S. Navy, and his bride, former V.A. Gwyneth Clay-Lauer, as they leave St. Jude's Church, Randwick. Bridegroom has seen service at Pearl Harbor and Midway.

## Heard Around TOWN

**CABLED** news from Bombay, India, tells Squadron-Leader A. C. McPhillamy, R.A.A.F., and Mrs. McPhillamy, of Charlton, Rocks, news of daughter Bettina's marriage with Major Arthur Kinnear, Indian Engineers. Ceremony took place at St. Columba's Church, Bombay, on March 14.

**DAUGHTER** born to Mr. and Mrs. David Abbott, of Bellevue Hill, at St. Luke's, Madge chooses brother Corporal Harold Herman, A.I.F., as godfather.

**POST-WEDDING** tea for Mrs. Beresford Moodie, given by mother-in-law, Mrs. Rawson Moodie, when Alice returns from honeymoon, and husband, Flight-Lieut. Beresford Moodie, R.A.A.F., returns to Air Force duties. Occasion is held so bridegroom's friends can meet bride, who was Miss Alice Scott, of "Hillview," Cootamundra.

Joyce



## Gay tonics for chilly days...

• For wartime winters you will find the classic chesterfield fashion-right and sleekly smart for every occasion.

• Bulky red reefer in toast-warm red woollen, very searing in shape, and perfect to team with your casual togs.

• This matching suit and top-coat steals a lot of coupons, but it's worth the sacrifice. If you can manage it, throw caution to the winds, and line your coat with the same material as the jacket.

• Nonchalance and elegance go hand in hand with a three-quarter swagger coat featuring raglan sleeves and back fullness.

• The saucy, pouched beret sketched at the top of the page is ultra-flattering, and so easy to make from material left over from your suit or coat.







## Skin Deep

ALL-PURPOSE SKIN CREAM

This Advertisement will catch the eager eye of thousands of women who have learned to love the caressing touch of this irreplaceable beauty care, with its soothing magic for dry and tired skin.

\* The makers announce with great regret, however, that rather than alter the unique quality of Skin Deep, manufacture has been temporarily discontinued under war conditions.



J. & K. ATKINSON PTY. LTD.  
LONDON & SYDNEY

A-15-32

## WINTER TWEEDS... aglow with color



TRIM TWEED SUITS with tailored blouses are the perennial favorite for career girls. This one is in minute cinnamon-brown and beige checks with a leather belt accenting the waistline.



MATITA DESIGNS for town or country. The lass at the left wears a jumper suit of green and cream herringbone tweed, and her friend favors an immaculate sky-blue flannel shirt-frock.



A DASHING SUIT in blue and white checks with red lining and accents. For added gaiety the cuffs are turned back to reveal the hectic lining.

## Three more 1944 SUN-GLO Knitting Books now ready



- Series 58 Jumpers and Cardigans.
- Series 59 Frock Book.
- Series 62 Cardigans, in Blanket Wool.



### START KNITTING NOW

Send Coupon below for free Folder showing all designs in the three new Knitting Books above, and in Series 55 and 57 (Jumpers and Cardigans), and Series 56 (Children's Knitting Book) already issued. These six 1944 Sun-glo Knitting Books are on sale at all Retailers and Newsagents (7d each, 8d posted; Frock Book 1/2, 1-4d posted). Watch for announcement of further Sun-glo Knitting Books to follow shortly.

Manufactured by F. W. Hughes Pty. Ltd., at their Alexandria Spinning Mills, Sydney. Wholesale Distributors: Paterson, Loane & Bruce Ltd., all States.

1944 STYLES FREE

**Sun-glo**

ALEXANDRIA SPINNING MILLS PTY. LTD.,  
Dept. A22, 38 Grosvenor Street, SYDNEY.  
Please send me free Folder showing all designs in your book or Knitting Books for 1944. I enclose 1d in stamps for postage.

Name

Address

State

PLEASE WRITE NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS. A-23

Permanently Yours  
Eugene

BECAUSE they have the distinction of superb elegance... because they feature so many dashing details... because they are dateless and so right for many occasions, fashion designers predict that tweed suits will be the choice of smart women everywhere this season.

The first batch of winter designs give promise of youth and beauty, with a distinct tendency toward flippant details, even though they still strictly adhere to wartime simplicity and economy.

For voluntary workers and career girls more than for any other group dresses must be practical and allow for working comfort, and should be able to serve double duty, as more formal afternoon dresses, if necessary. Above all, they must conserve materials and be designed to meet the demands of smart young things with champagne tastes and flat-as-a-pancake purses.

Suits are proving most popular, for the ease with which they can change their character from work to play. For instance, look at the photo at the right-hand corner, and notice that a trick as simple as turning back the jacket cuffs to reveal a flash of red lining can bring unexpected glamor to a working costume.



GAY COLORS and simple lines are this season's fashion firsts. Here a bright yellow and blue plaid reefer coat is worn over a classic wool jumper dress.

For more formal dresses, adaptability has again been stressed with the two-piece jumper dress and the coat-dress. Different color blouses under the jumper and a bright coat over it can alter its appearance for different occasions, and serve the new autumn demand for gay, clear colors and contrasting two-color ensembles.

The coat-dress is an economical and original idea. Last year's coat can be remodelled—the neckline altered and the sleeve length changed, so that worn with a candy-striped blouse and matching hat, it creates a completely new costume. In the same way a lighter wool coat may be refitted with a side drape and an original design of buttons to make a more formal coat-dress.

Clear, brazen colors have quite suddenly come into their own again; any number of daring combinations are used to liven the drab city streets, with a hectic streak of color.

Americans say this yen for color is due to the Mexican influence which is the current craze in the States, and you find it particularly in a whole heart-warming array of blazing primary colors.

—PEG MCCARTNEY

Stylish with character for women who realise that individuality lends smartness to their appearance.

Feather weight Fur Felts, made in a variety of styles. Sizes 21 1/2, 22, 23, 24.

## HENDERSON HATS

Obtainable At All Stores.

R. C. HENDERSON PTY. LTD.,  
Manufacturers of Men's and Women's Fur Felt Hats

The Seal of Quality

A BRAND WORTH REMEMBERING!

THE FAMOUS BRITISH GUARANTEED

## Sundek Fabric

SWARTER FOR SPORTSWEAR

STREETWEAR AND UNIFORMS



## Every child should have a GARDEN

Says  
OUR HOME GARDENER

**P**REPARING the soil, sowing the seed, and caring for the growing plant make up an experience which leads to more realisation of oneness with Nature than any other activity of childhood.

Through this work the child can be led to understand that, without gardens, man would still be living in a cave, precariously gathering chance fruits, nuts, and grains; that through agriculture and horticulture, where man works in co-operation with Nature, he has become the civilised being he is to-day.

A child's garden is a laboratory where may be studied not only the phenomena of plant life, but also the interdependence of plant and animal life. After seeing the development of the seed into the plant, he watches the flowers unfold, and learns that the bright petals attract bees, butterflies, small moths, and beetles, which carry the pollen which ensures fertile seed—the promise of future harvests.

The child becomes aware of the ravages of harmful insects, which in their struggle for existence work havoc among planted crops and call for various defensive, protective, or curative measures.

And he learns to cherish his friends the toads, harmless snakes, mantids, and the multitude of birds, which so materially aid in keeping the balance of Nature.

The child's first garden should be a small plot which he feels is his very own; a piece of fertile, easily worked soil, not shaded by trees, where plants given ordinary care will grow and flourish, not languish and die, as often happens when a piece of poor ground is turned over to the child for his first attempt.

Every child should come to his first garden bright with interest. He should be given small tools with which to work it, and be shown how to use them. He should be given



ANNETTE is the Dionne Quintuplet most interested in nature, and has an extraordinary knowledge of it for a child. She is seen weeding her part of the garden on the nursery lawn. After repeated failures, due to the sandy, crusty soil surrounding it, the Dionnes have been successful this summer in having a profusion of flowers growing round them.

easily handled, fragrant bulbs, such as paper-white narcissi, or similar plants.

Step by step a bulb can be lifted every few weeks to show the youngster what is going on underground. He will learn that the roots form first, then that a pale white or yellow growing point appears, and why it is so sharp—and so on. In this way the child's interest will be fostered.

Such tuition is important psychologically, because children are always discouraged if their first attempts do not produce results.

If the child is very small, dig the soil over first of all, and manure it well, letting him see every step taken, and having each task explained fully. In this way the youngster will develop an intelligent interest in gardening from an early age—and those lessons are never forgotten.

## BEAUTY HINTS

**T**HE sun's rays are still strong round about midday, so wear dark glasses to protect your eyes when on the street or at the beach. But don't wear cheap glasses.

**F**OR foot and ankle flexibility: Circle each foot in turn, rotating from the ankle. You can do this simple exercise at any old time.

**L**OOK after your feet. Remember that unhappy feet have the unhappy knack of reacting upon the face, giving you that painfully strained look which is, alas, so ageing.

**R**EMEMBER this, girls: Lipstick should emphasise the upper lip. A heavily rouged lower lip tends to give a look of heaviness to the whole lower face.

**E**AT for beauty, not just to satisfy your appetite. This is a sound rule at any age, but it increases in importance every year after thirty.

**H**OLD your head high — always. There are lazy muscles round the chin and throat that let you down woefully as the years come and go. Pat briskly beneath your chin every day. Cream well, use the back of each hand, alternately, for the patting.

**F**OR shapely calves: Stand with heels together. Slowly rise on tip-toe, as high as you can get, so that you feel a tightening of the calf muscles. Hold this position and count ten. Repeat from nine to fifteen times daily.



THE GIRL who goes without stockings should care for her legs and her feet regularly. Cream legs nightly to keep skin soft and supple.



"Vaseline" Hair Tonic has long been up in the fighting line — right there on the canteen shelves. Our troops have found that "Vaseline" Hair Tonic ends Dry Scalp and keeps hair in a healthy condition — even in that tropical climate. So, you will find "Vaseline" Hair Tonic difficult to buy—until the peace is won.

## Vaseline

HAIR TONIC  
Ends Dry Scalp

## SKIN DISEASES

For Free Advice on ALL SKIN DISEASES send 25c. stamp for EXAMINATION CHART to DERMOPATHIC INSTITUTE, 771-9 Collins St., Melb., C.T. FREE.



"Obviously the work of a Gang..." OBSERVED HOLMES

"Obviously the work of a gang Mrs. Bashington. I would suggest you tell me the story in your own words, omitting not the slightest detail."

"I shall, Mr. Holmes. It is a very great shock to me. They were my last Parkers. As usual James placed them in the safe when I retired."

"Permit me Mrs. Bashington, but I presume you refer to Parker Shoes."

"Of course, Mr. Holmes—the diamonds do not really matter. I rather suspect several people."

"In that case, madam, I would suggest you investigate a search at your favourite store—Parker are still making shoes. Although of course, the major Parker output goes to the services."

"Are you sure Mr. Holmes?"

"Indubitably madam. To the trained eye, the fact is obvious. May I offer you the use of my bloodhound and Dr. Watson."

"Thank you, Mr. Holmes, I shall proceed immediately."

Parker  
Shoes



"That's plenty...now watch it make our bath shine!"

A few "shakes" of Bon Ami... a light rubbing...and baths shine with cleanliness. For Bon Ami polishes and cleans at the same time. That's why it makes short work of bath rings and dirt. Why it's always a favourite with busy mothers. What's more, Bon Ami is a really safe cleanser. Free from coarse, harsh grit. That means Bon Ami doesn't scratch porcelain, making it hard to clean. Instead, it helps keep things smooth and shiny.

**Bon Ami**  
polishes as it cleans





# The **PHOTOGRAPH FROM HOME**

*Carries you to him at Battle Station*



On distant battle-front and lonely outpost the lads and lasses of our fighting forces are ever longing for contact with those back home.

And it is the war-time duty of photography to provide the link with loved ones who mean so much to them.

The snapshot-story of family sight and scene, of the folk, the farm, the pets... the professional studio portrait of someone near and dear... these provide the

ray of sunshine which brightly lights the sometimes drab days of duty.

Because photography must provide innumerable essential supplies, it is not always easy to secure a Kodak Film when you want one—and you may have to wait a while for your studio portrait. But please remember that we are doing our best to make equitable quantities of sensitised material available for important civilian needs.

# KODAK

KODAK (A/ASIA) PTY. LTD. — BRANCHES IN ALL STATES





LOOK UP, young Australia, the skies are brightening, and a happy future is being planned for you in the brave new world which we are hoping and striving for after the war.

## MORE BABIES FOR AUSTRALIA!

**D**URING the last twenty years the rate of increase of Australia's population has fallen more rapidly than that of any other country in the world.

Unless the ideas of the people of Australia undergo a rapid change, our population will never exceed half a million more than it is at present, and in less than thirty years our numbers will fall.

Raising the standard of living will not, in itself, increase the birth-rate, because the higher income groups have fewer children than those less blessed with this world's goods.

The exhortations of the Church have failed to affect the drift; nor has the political cry of "populate or perish." The Maternity Allowance has had no effect; it is very doubtful whether Child Endowment will.

I am not decrying any of these splendid measures of social justice, but we should realise their true relation to Australia's major problem. There is little hope of large-scale immigration to Australia.

● On and off since 1920 there have been lone voices crying in the wilderness about Australia's alarming decline in the birthrate.

● Now there's a wartime boom in babies, but will it last?

● What can be done to make babies more popular, to make people feel that children are a good thing?

● Read what Medico and Sister Mary Jacob (our Mothercraft nurse) have to say about this problem...

We will have to plan every aspect of our Australian national life in the interests of increasing our Australian-born population.

In planning for reconstruction, the community should be the unit, instead of the home. Houses or quarters should be grouped round a community centre where facilities for the skilled care and real education of children at all ages are provided.

By  
**MEDICO**

Included in these facilities should be a creche, nursery school, kindergarten, supervised playground, swimming-pool, community kitchen, dining-room, library, and education centre.

Does this sound too ambitious? No plan is too ambitious to safeguard the future of Australia.

I see little evidence that the women of Australia have any definite views

TO increase the birthrate and to raise the standard of home life in the post-war period mean the co-opting of many forces to foster more of a community conscience and a national responsibility. Every effort should be made to encourage young parents to provide Australia with its best immigrants.

At present a sense of security is lacking. To bring a babe into the world, to rear it, and to give it a proper education is a very costly business, so that a young couple will limit the size of their family through no selfish reasons.

If a woman was reassured on the following points, I think the birth-rate would steadily increase.

1. The home to be made more attractive by an improved housing scheme, which will include labor-saving devices, as women who have had jobs outside their homes during the war will not be attracted to a home life without outside interests. They will not be content to be tied down to housework simply as household drudges.

2. Adequate medical and hospital services throughout pregnancy, confinement, and the nursing period, either free or at minimum cost.

3. An organised social service whereby help in the home can be provided, more especially for the first weeks after her baby is born.

4. Community centres in every suburb and country township, which will provide day nurseries, kindergartens, baby and pre-school health centres, and child-guidance clinics. Also a number of day and night nurseries which will admit babies and toddlers of mothers who have to go to hospital or who, for health reasons, have to take a holiday.

## Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Your body cleans out excess Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood through 9 million tiny delicate Kidney tubes or filters. If Poisons in the Kidneys or Bladder make you suffer from Interrupted Sleep, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Back-ache, Aching Joints or Acidity, don't rely on ordinary medicines. Fight such Poisons and troubles with the doctor's prescription, Cystex. Cystex starts working in three hours, must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Ask your chemist or store for Cystex (Bisalex) to-day. The Guarantee protects you. Now in 2 sizes: 4/-, 8/-.

**Cystex**  
Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.



LIFE IS a joyous thing to this little chap. He's just another of our sturdy wartime babies.

for the future. Now is the time for them to raise their voices.

"Australia," in the minds of most people, seems to mean a mixed vision of Parliament House at Canberra, the Sydney Harbor Bridge, the Shrine of Remembrance at Melbourne, and the Brisbane or Adelaide Town Hall. But other civilisations have had greater buildings than these, and to-day they are half buried in the sands of the desert—mute monuments to civilisations which had been built on material instead of human values.

The real "Australia" is her people, and her future will move forward on the feet of little children.

All these to be sponsored by the Government or local governing bodies, or by both, and to be staffed with trained personnel.

5. "Mothercraft" as a compulsory leaving-school subject for girls, more pre-natal clinics, more mothercraft homes, more opportunities for classes on parentcraft will all give to young people a higher sense of their privileges and responsibilities in

parenthood.

6. A new educational system which fosters adult education will be another factor in encouraging larger families.

By **SISTER MARY JACOB**

## CAPTURE UNTOLD PLEASURE



Enjoy that foot-tlingling rhytm—those popular melodies. The latest Jazz and Screen Hits.

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## Banjo Mandolin

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**WANTED!** 100 used Guitars and Banjo-Mandolins.

Get up to £16 cash for your old instrument. Any condition—anywhere. We also give up to £40 for Piano Accordions and Saxophones. Write for free valuation to the above address.

First thing every morning!



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Factory workers, subjected to unusual strain resulting from long hours and high pressure production will derive immediate and lasting benefit from a course of



**CLEMENTS TONIC**

N.S.7/43.

Page 25

## Tek TOOTHBRUSH

When you need a toothbrush, it's wise buying to insist on Tek. Shaped right to clean all your teeth. Tek is a quality product of Johnson & Johnson.





# Robin

**HEELS**  
come down  
to earth



For the busy girl with her feet on the ground, "Robin Mond" has

happy-medium heels of a height that give her last Winter's suits "Second

Wind." All are stamped "Robin Mond" — the name

that describes the

quality of a shoe better than words. Multiple Fittings, 8 Coupons.



# Mond

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ROBIN MOND OBTAINABLE FROM DAVID JONES • ANTHONY HORDERN'S • SNOWS • MACNAUGHTS (In Sydney) AND FROM MYER EMPORIUM • GEORGES LIMITED (In Melbourne)



# GOOD DINNERS . . .

*they'll wait for you!*

● "Don't-keep-dinner-waiting" was the old pre-war house cry. Goodness me! There's so much to do these days that we can't all be at the dining-room door when the dinner-bell rings.

**B**UT attractive, digestible, well-balanced meals are an essential part of the keep-fit programme.

Here are dishes planned for workers that don't watch the clock . . . piping hot when wanted . . . not spoilt by keeping.

## CASSEROLE OF BROWNED BEEF

One and a half pounds chuck steak, 1 teaspoon mixed spice (may be omitted), 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 or 2 onions, 1 or 2 parsnips, 1 tablespoon flour, 2 to 3 cups water, 1 teaspoon salt, good dash of pepper.

Rub meat with vinegar and spices at least 1 hour before cooking. Cut into cubes and brown in the dripping. Stir in the onion, salt, pepper, and water. Pour into casserole and cook gently

(325 deg. F.) for 1½ to 2 hours. Serve very hot. Easily reheated. For four to six.

## IRISH CASSEROLE OF MUTTON CHOPS

Four to 6 chump chops, 1 lb. potatoes, 2 or 3 onions, 1 pint hot water, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Trim chops, removing surplus fat. Place in layers in casserole with sliced potatoes and sliced onions. Season each layer. Add hot water, cover, and cook gently (325 deg. F.) for one and a half hours. Sprinkle liberally with chopped parsley, and serve piping hot. For four.

## CASSEROLE OF CREAMED RABBIT, CORN, AND TOMATO

One rabbit, 1 pint hot water, small bunch herbs, 2 or 3 slices lemon, 1 onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 1½ cups cooked sweet corn (stripped from cob), 2 tomatoes, crisp parsley sprigs.

By  
**OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery  
Expert to  
The Australian  
Women's  
Weekly.

Wash and joint rabbit and place in casserole with hot water, herbs, lemon, sliced onion, pepper and salt. Cook gently (325 deg. F.) for 1½ hours. Pour off about 1 cup of the liquid and remove the small bunch of herbs. Add the flour, blended with the milk and the corn. Cook a further 20 minutes. Add tomatoes cut in wedges; a little water, and mix to a further few minutes. Serve very hot. For four.

## APPLE SALAD CAKE

Four ounces self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2oz. dripping, 2oz. sugar, 1 egg, 1/3rd cup milk, 2 or 3 cooking apples, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, 2 or 3 passionfruit, 1 tablespoon warmed honey, crisp mint sprigs.

Sift the flour and cornflour, rub in fat, add sugar, and mix to a smooth light batter with beaten

egg and milk. Pour into a greased recess tin or 7-inch sandwich tin, and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 25 minutes. Slice the apples and stew lightly, preserving shape, in a flat pan, with sugar and water. Color cooking-syrup with cochineal if liked. Arrange apple slices on cake, glaze with warmed honey, top with passionfruit pulp, and garnish with mint sprigs. For four to six.

## CARROT AND POTATO CHOWDER

One large onion, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 lb. potatoes, 1 cup grated carrot, 2 cups boiling water, 1½ cups milk, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, toasted bread sippets.

Saute the chopped onion in the fat until lightly cooked; add diced potatoes, water, salt, and pepper, and cook until the potatoes are tender. Add the grated carrot and milk and cook a few minutes. Add the flour, blended with a little cold milk, and the cheese. Simmer gently, stirring well for a few minutes. Serve steaming hot, sprinkled with chopped parsley and with toasted bread sippets. For four.

## CURRIED VEAL AND KIDNEYS

One and a half pounds veal steak, 2 sheep's kidneys, 1 onion, 1 apple, 1 tablespoon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 2½ cups water, 1 teaspoon curry powder, pinch of nutmeg (may be omitted), pinch of cinnamon (may be omitted), 1 tomato, 1 lemon, chopped parsley, pepper and salt.

Cut veal into one-inch squares, slice kidneys. Fry in dripping until lightly browned, and then place in casserole. Add flour to dripping, and brown. Add water, and bring to boil. Stir in curry powder and spices, and pour over the meat. Add sliced onion, apple, and skinned tomato. Cook gently (325 deg. F.) for 1½ hours. Serve very hot, garnished with sliced lemon and parsley. For four.

## CREAMED CORNED BEEF AND CELERY

Two cups diced, cooked corned beef, 2 cups milk (or with water or stock), 1½ cups diced celery, 1 tablespoon flour, salt to taste, 1 dessert-spoon chopped celery leaves, 1 teaspoon mustard (if available), chopped parsley.

Cook the celery in the milk. Thicken with the flour, and add the corned beef, celery leaves, and mustard. Season to taste and serve very hot with sliced beetroot heated in vinegar, and parsnips. For four.



A FINE MENU is pictured here for the family that come to the table like Brown's cows—one after the other. This meal of browned beef casserole, jacket potatoes, green salad, and apple cake won't spoil by waiting.



## HAIL AND FARE WELL



HECTOR BOUGHT A CHARCOAL BURNER FILLED AND CLEANED IT EVERY DAY



BUT THE EXTRA FARES HE HOPED FOR NEVER SEEMED TO COME HIS WAY



MISS FITZ SHOOT TOOK PITY ON HIM "GRIMY HANDS" SHE SAID "DON'T PAY"



KEEP THE CHANGE AND BUY SOME SOLVOL THEN YOUR CUSTOMERS WON'T STRAY

SOLVOL'S RICH, GENTLE LATHER GETS DIRT MOVING QUICKLY. WORN-IN GRIME AND SLUDGE ROLL OUT OF PORES AND CREASES. HANDS ARE SMOOTH AND SPOTLESS.

**SOLVOL**





**COLDS** are a confession of neglect. There is no excuse, if mouth and throat are kept germ free.

To prevent colds, gargle morning and night with Listerine Antiseptic, which kills the millions of germs which swarm in the mouth.

*Listerine Antiseptic helps you ward off colds.*

Obtainable in three sizes:  
1/6, 3/-, 5/9.

**LISTERINE**  
THE safe ANTISEPTIC

**WE'VE SAVED  
A SHARE FOR  
THE BOYS**



"Dad and the boys are in the Army; and we like to feel that we're sharing meals with them just as we did in those days when they were at home."

"We know, too, that the better the food they have—their and their mates—the sooner they will be back at table with us."

"In any case, there are foods in plenty to replace those that are scarce, particularly when supplemented from our own vegetable garden and our fowl-yard."

"The boys in the front line are making many sacrifices for us. Any sacrifice that we can make to help them we will undertake gladly."

**FOOD IS A MIGHTY  
WEAPON OF WAR!**

Issued by Commonwealth Food Control

P. 16. 27

Western Electric

## HEARING AIDS

The closest approach to natural hearing yet achieved by a hearing aid is available for the enjoyment of the hard-of-hearing in the latest Western Electric Hearing Aid, the ultimate expression of over sixty years' experience by the world pioneers in sound amplification. The modern valve-operated model incorporates the new and exclusive Tone Discriminator, which completely eliminates background noises and their accompanying nervous strain.

### THE AUDIOPHONE COMPANY

M.L.C. Building, 44 Martin Place, SYDNEY (Phone: BW7387), and at 110 Collins Street, MELBOURNE (Phone: Central 4195), also.

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However much below normal your hearing may be, there is positive assurance of the maximum of hearing pleasure in any position and at considerably greater distances than hitherto has been possible with a hearing aid.

A free audiometric test in our consulting rooms places you under no obligation, but gives you an opportunity of realizing how much the Audiophone can do for you.

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113 Hay Street,  
PERTH.



**PATTY CAKES** should be of a soft, drop consistency before cooking. Two-thirds full patties and bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

## Readers' recipes for Easter

● A fish dish, a quick, savory entree, patty cakes, a good plain cake . . . these are prize dishes that suit the Easter week-end.

**T**HE days of hoarding old family recipes are gone. Examine your heirloom recipes, trim them to suit the times, and share them with readers of this page.

Prizes are awarded each week. £1 is awarded the best recipe of the week, and 2/6 for all others published on this page.

If making the coffee cake with a butter substitute, flavor with lemon juice. The apple patty cakes can be made into one cake, cooking in a 7-inch sandwich-tin for 30 minutes. Serve the kidney fritters with a rich brown gravy, crisp bacon (if available), and hot tomato slices. The creole cod is a fine Good Friday dish.

### COFFEE CAKE

A quarter pound butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon coffee essence, 3 eggs, 1 lb. sugar, 6oz. self-raising flour, a little milk.

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, then coffee essence and milk mixed together, then flour. If more milk is needed to make smooth consistency, add last. Put in greased cake-tin and bake in a moderate oven about 45 minutes. Ice with coffee icing made with 1 tablespoon butter, 4 tablespoons icing sugar, and 1 dessertspoon coffee essence.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Hutchins, New St., Beaconsfield, Tas.

### KIDNEY FRITTERS

Make a batter with 1 egg, 3 tablespoons flour, mince 3 sheep's kidneys, add 1 finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt. Mix well into batter, put tablespoonsful into hot fat and deep-fry. Turn when one side is browned. Cook from 5 to 7 minutes, drain, and serve hot with brown gravy. The fritters, cold, thinly sliced, make a good sandwich filling.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Prentice, 17 Chapman St., Strathfield, N.S.W.



**ABOVE:** Mock cutlets of veal, minced potatoes, and green peas. Serve hot with well-flavored kidney sauce, cold with mayonnaise.



**TRY VEGETABLE PASTIES** for the lunch-box. Season short-crust with grated cheese. Plenty of chopped parsley in filling.



**CRUMBED VEAL ROLLS:** filled with bread seasoning, are deliciously tender if cooked for 1 hour in a slow oven (325 deg. F.).

### QUICKLY PREPARED APPLE PATTY CAKES

Put 1lb. shortening and 3 table-spoons sugar into a basin and cream well, add 2 eggs (one at a time), and beat well. Add alternately 1 cup milk and a little vanilla essence and 1 good cup sifted self-raising flour. Half-fill paper containers with the mixture and color the remainder pink. Put 1 teaspoon grated apple seasoned with cinnamon or nutmeg on top of the mixture in containers, then add the pink mixture. Bake in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. May be iced when cold. Excellent for afternoon tea or supper. This recipe makes one dozen.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. C. Reck, 10 Kingsby, 26 Blair St., Bondi, N.S.W.

### CREOLE COD

One and a half pounds cod, 1 tablespoon salad oil or margarine, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1 teaspoon onion juice, 1 cup stewed tomatoes, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 2 table-spoons grated cheese.

Wipe the fish, lay it on a plate, and pour over it the oil or melted margarine, onion juice, and vinegar, all mixed together. Turn fish several times in this, then lay it in a baking-pan. Mix the stewed tomatoes with salt, pepper, and the oil, vinegar, and onion juice. Pour over the fish, cover closely, bake 45 minutes in moderate oven. Remove cover from baking-pan, sprinkle cheese on top of fish, and bake 5 minutes longer.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss J. Hardy, 32 St. Andrews St., Middle Brighton, Vic.



**FINE** for a winter's night: Steak and kidney pies with plenty of brown gravy. Use half beef dripping, half lard, for flaky pastry.



*How to Keep Fit*

Keep healthy—free from complaints—with Nyal Figsen. To-night before going to bed, chew one or two pleasant-tasting Figsen tablets. In the morning Figsen acts—mildly, yet thoroughly and effectively. Nyal Figsen is an ideal laxative for every member of the family. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 tablets—1/3.

*Nyal Figsen*  
THE GENTLE LAXATIVE



**CREAM OF TARTAR**, the dependable 'raising' ingredient in baking powder and self-raising flour, is unavailable at present. But the time is coming when it will again be the superior 'raising' in your favourite self-raising flour or baking powder.



Your reward will be a happy baby, with healthy, glowing skin, able to sleep soundly undisturbed by skin troubles.



**CUTICURA SOAP**  
CUTICURA OINTMENT



**LINDSAY McCAGHEY**, aged 17 months, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. McCaghey, of 343 Sailors' Bay Road, Northbridge, plays happily in his play-pen.

## Why a play-pen is necessary

By **SISTER MARY JACOB**

1.—It ensures a toddler's safety without that constant watching by the mother which is bad for both mother and child.

2.—It must be introduced early, before a baby has crawled round after its mother, and had the "freedom of the floors." At eight months, or when a baby begins to roll and exercise, is the time to use a play-pen.

He then comes to regard it as his own little domain and will spend hours alone in it with his playthings, and in time will learn to walk round it.

3.—The best type of play-pen is one with a floor, raised a few inches off the ground. This avoids draughts and baby can be put outside, even when the grass or ground is damp.

4.—If it is made with sides which are hinged and fold inwards, it can easily be carried through doorways, and be used indoors as well as out of doors.

5.—If the floor also is hinged, the play-pen can be folded to a convenient size for strapping on to a car, and if on castors (when again obtainable) can be easily moved from one place to another.

6.—Care must be taken to see that the slats forming the sides are so spaced that baby cannot put his head through them and get it stuck.

It is best not to paint the top railing, as baby often bites on this, and may get the paint in his mouth. 7.—By lining a playground with water-proof sheeting it can be made into a bath. Children who live in hot country places may, under supervision, safely bathe in this.



## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



### 457 5-PIECE LAYETTE FOR BABY

This treasure-trove for baby, embracing frock, matinee jacket, petticoat, nightie, and bib, comes to you with the pattern traced on white rayon crepe-de-chine, ready to cut, sew, and embroider. Dainty embroidery motifs are also traced on the garments-to-be. The matinee jacket costs 4/11 (3 coupons); plus 21d. postage. Frock, 8/11 (4 coupons); plus 41d. postage. Petticoat, 6/11 (3 coupons); plus 41d. postage. Nightgown, 9/11 (5 coupons); bib, 2/3 (4 coupon); plus 21d. postage.

Set complete, 32/6 (151 coupons); plus 91d. postage. Please ask for No. 457.

## Fashion PATTERNS

F3457.—Youthful two-piece for present wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. wide, and 8yds. cording or ribbon trim. Pattern, 1/7.

F3471.—Decorative two-piece for autumn and winter wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., and 1yd. contrast, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3454.—Smart, new style. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. and 1yd. contrast, 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3452.—Clean-cut form-fitting dress, highlighting the low waistline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3468.—Emphasising the full-skirted fashion, fitted waistline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F3450.—Subtly fashioned to flatter the slim-waisted figure. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds., 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

## Fashion Frock Service



F3452



F3468



F3450



F3454



F3473

## Special Concession Pattern



### THREE COATS FOR THE 2 TO 8-YEAR-OLDS.

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## Continuing . . . Notes for Your Guidance

from page 5

MEANWHILE the officer of the day referred hurriedly to a chart and confirmed what he had already suspected, that an air vice-marshal is the equivalent of a lieutenant-general and in consequence pretty nearly as important as the President. It was clearly a matter for the brigadier-general commanding the airfield.

Eric, sitting disconsolately in the waxy shade at the railway station, heard the high-pitched note of the police sirens approaching him and at first did not believe they could have anything to do with him.

The motor-cycles came shrieking up through a cloud of dust and stopped at the station, and a car stopped behind them, and a dignified military figure stepped out from it into the sunlight and looked round expectantly. Eric got to his feet—this must be the officer sent down to fetch him—and walked towards the general, fighting down the overwhelming British shyness which nearly mastered him.

"Air vice-marshal?" said the general, a little puzzled.

"That's me," said Price-Marshall in all honesty—he was quite shy enough not to hear properly what the general had said, to say nothing of the fact that he was ready by now to make undue allowance for the American accent.

The general looked at the man of twenty-two in the crumpled tropical suit.

"Pardon me, sir," said the general, "we weren't expecting you this morning."

"I'm not surprised, sir," said Eric, "my schedule was upset."

He was referring to mumps in Buckingham Palace, of course.

"It's a pleasure to have you at any time," said the general.

They shook hands, the general still scanning the visitor's face closely.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "I didn't expect to see someone quite so young in your rank."

"Oh, that's nothing," said Eric. He was undoubtedly very young to be a squadron-leader, and he was modest about it. It had just dawned upon him that the single star which the general wore indicated brigadier-general's rank and not that of second lieutenant as it would in the British army. "It's very good of you to come and meet me like this, sir."

"You're very welcome, sir," said the general, holding open the car door and handing Eric in despite the latter's modest holding back. The car and the motor-cycles rushed away, dust flying and sirens shrieking.



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Eric went back in his mind to "Notes for Your Guidance." "You will receive almost unbounded hospitality. The American standard of hospitality being as high as any in the world." This was certainly true, seeing that they had sent down a general and a police escort to meet him.

"Was this all the baggage you brought, sir?" asked the general.

"No, I sent my kit and uniform on ahead," said Eric. "I hope they got to the aerodrome."

"I will inquire as soon as we arrive," said the general.

The car tore round the last corner and stopped at the gate of the airfield.

"Will you inspect the guard, sir?" asked the general.

"Well—yes, of course," said Eric, remembering that, in the words of the pamphlet "you will be expected to feel, and show, appreciation." The request to inspect the guard was quite surprising, but, to quote once more "you will not be expected to tell your hosts what is wrong." If they wanted a mere squadron-leader—albeit a squadron-leader with two bars to his D.F.C.—to inspect the guard of honor a squadron-leader had better do so.

He climbed out of the car along with the general, and walked up and down the rigid lines of men standing at attention.

"A very fine body of men, sir," he said, raking wildly back in his mind for memories of when he had seen guards of honor inspected.

"Thank you, sir," said the general, holding the car door open for him again.

"You've got a Spitfire there, I see," said Eric, looking eagerly round him.

"Yes, that's one of the machines we have for tactical instruction."

"It's fine to see one again," said Eric. "Do you think I could take her up to-day?"

It was four weeks since Eric had last flown a Spitfire, and a Spitfire pilot after that period of deprivation yearns for nothing so much as to fly a Spitfire again.

"Of course," said the general.

They reached the general's quarters, and the general made the introductions:

"My wife, Mrs. Townsend. My daughter, Louise. My aide, Lieutenant."

But Eric did not hear anything after he heard the word Louise, and shook the hand which Louise offered him. The memory of Marjorie Combermere-Clough faded abruptly from his mind.

"I hope this room will suit you, Marshal," said the general opening a door, "the bathroom's through here."

"Thank you very much, sir," said Eric. In England he was always very irritated by people who did not address him by his full name with the hyphen, but in America he was determined not to be. And the general, even though he was a general, had never met an air vice-marshal before, and was a little doubtful about how one should address one socially.

"Lunch will be ready in half an hour," said the general, "and I'll find out about your baggage."

Price-Marshall wallowed in his bath, and scrubbed from himself the dust of the plains and the prairies, before he came down to lunch. And a benevolent destiny at lunch gave him the seat next to Louise, so that he only gave half his mind to the general's suggestion that he should take up the Spitfire with a camera gun to show what the machine could do when opposed to an American plane and an American pilot.

"There's a dance at the Post to-night," Louise was saying. "I hope you'll be coming."

"A dance?" said Eric. "That's top-hole. That is, if you are going to be there."

"Oh, I shall be there all right," said Louise.

The general's aide explained apologetically that Eric's baggage had not yet arrived—naturally it had not occurred to the aide to make inquiries for the baggage of Squadron-Leader Eric Price-Marshall, which at that moment was lying tucked away in an obscure corner of the Post—and offered to fit him out with an American flying suit.

Eric eagerly acquiesced; now that the prospect was squarely in front of him it would have been very hard for him (supposing he had been

able to choose) to decide whether he would continue in Louise's society or fly a Spitfire. The prospect of either was delightful, and he got eagerly up from the table.

An interested crowd watched him ascend. If even English officers were sometimes led into doubting whether Eric was a good Spitfire pilot on account of his speech, those hard-bitten young Americans were certainly justified in having their doubts.

They gathered eagerly round Captain Bergfried when he came down—the sham fighting had taken place too high for the fine points to be observable even through binoculars.

"Boy, oh boy," said Bergfried. "I have to hand it to him, that guy can sure handle a plane. If that had been real it would have been harps for me."

Bergfried headed the rush of men who went forward to greet Price-Marshall as the Spitfire descended. The camera gun was whipped out and rushed away for the film to be developed, and when later they ran through it in the projection-room Bergfried sat and bewailed his own lack of skill.

The blurred picture of his plane shot suddenly into the middle of the screen and stayed there, writhe and twist as it would.

"Boy, oh boy," said Bergfried again, in a disconsolate wail.

The film flickered to an end.

"Don't you go putting my film on," expostulated Bergfried, but the operator was inexorable. And there was nothing to see except twice a fleeting glimpse of Price-Marshall's wing tip and a momentary view of the Spitfire so far off that it was only a speck on the screen.

"You got me so mad I had a crack at you at long range," explained Bergfried. "I wouldn't have hit you."

"You might have, with luck," said Eric encouragingly.

The Post's opinion of the British air vice-marshal was rising steadily.

The man had everything, Louise told herself as soon as she had discovered that he danced the rumba as well as he handled a Spitfire, by Captain Bergfried's report.

From one point of view it was quite surprising, seeing how well he danced, that she should agree to take time out from the dance floor to show him how brightly the moon shone over Texas.

Meanwhile in the Post an officer still on duty was chatting over the long-distance telephone with a friend of his at another airfield. "By the way," he said, "we've got this British air vice-marshal here. Has he been your way yet?"

There was a long pause, and then the man at the other end said, "Will you say that again?"

"We've got the British air vice-marshal here. Does that seem strange to you?"

"YES. We've got him here. What's your man like?"

"Only a kid, but they say he can handle a plane like nobody's business."

"Hold the line a minute."

Air Vice-Marshal Darlington—a big red-faced man in his forties—was at that moment completing his education by playing poker with a group of senior officers of the American Army. He put down his cards a little impatiently when somebody asked urgently to see him.

"I am sorry, sir," said the officer who had interrupted him, "but are you the only air vice-marshal in the United States?"

"Yes, of course," said Darlington. "I've got the Freshwater Field on the wire and they say they've got an air vice-marshal out there too."

"Oh they do, do they? Where's this telephone?"

The wires ran hot with the conversations that flashed backward and forward along them that night from one airfield to another, and from both of them to Air Corps Headquarters, and to the FBI, and back again.

"The man's a spy," were Darlington's last words. "Lock him up. Keep him in goal—handcuff him—make sure he doesn't get away. I'll be over in the morning and see what he has to say."

Eric and Louise were still admiring the moon when half a dozen

burly men suddenly closed round them. The glare of their flashlights left Eric dazzled.

"Hands up!" rasped a voice, and Eric's dazzled eyes could barely make out the pistol with which the order was backed up. He put up his hands.

"A hold-up, what?" he said. "I thought they only happened in Chicago."

"Shut your mouth, you dirty spy," said the voice.

"How dare you?" said Louise.

"You keep out of this, Miss Townsend, I'm sorry you had to be mixed up in it," the voice apologised.

"Mixed up in what?" said Louise.

"Ask this guy, he knows."

"He doesn't," said Eric.

"Shut your mouth," said the voice again, rather inconsistently, and another voice said, "C'mon. Stand up. Get going."

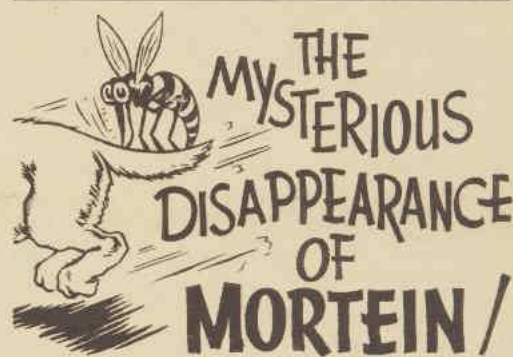
There was no resisting the demand, and Eric stood up, feeling most undignified with his hands over his head. Somebody stood close behind him and reached over his head, then Eric felt cold steel on his wrists as they handcuffed him.

"Get going," said the voice again, and Eric stumbled down the path.

"I am going to get the general," said Louise with a sort of sob, brushing past him and running ahead.

So Eric found himself in goal. It might, he thought, be a practical joke or it might be just a nightmare, and whichever it was, the morning would bring the explanation. He laid himself on the uncomfortable bed and composed himself to sleep.

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